

CAREER SUMMARY

ASSIGNMENTS

10 Apr 1941	Induction Station, Newark, New Jersey. (Induction)
10 Apr 1941-15 Apr 1941	Reception Station, Fort Dix, New Jersey. (Processing)
16 Apr 1941- Jul 1941	Basic Training, Coast Artillery, Fort Eustis, Virginia
Jul 1941- 8 Aug 1941	Enroute & Casual, Fort McDowell, San Francisco, CA
15 Aug 1941-31 May 1942	Hawaiian Department/810 th MP Co, Fort Shafter, Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii
1 Jun 1942- 8 May 1950	762d MP Bn, 517 th MP Co, HQ Schofield Barracks, TH
15 Jul 1950- 5 Dec 1951	CIC, Fort Holabird, Baltimore, Maryland
6 Dec 1951	Appointed Warrant Officer
10 Dec 1951-31 Jan 1954	Provost Marshal Office, Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
1 Feb 1954-26 Apr 1954	Leave Hawaii, Eta Jima Specialist School, Japan, Enroute to Korea.
27 Apr 1954-15 Jun 1955	73d Engr Bn, 32d Engr GP, HQ Seoul Military Post, Kwandari, Chunchon, Seoul, Korea
9 Sep 1955-15 Jun 1960	US Army War College, Carlisle Barracks, Pa
16 Jun 1960-29 Aug 1960	Temporary Duty, Adjutant General School, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, enroute to Hawaii
30 Aug 1960- 3 Aug 1963	1 st Howitzer Battalion, 8 th Artillery, Schofield Bks, Hawaii
16 Aug 1963- 8 Jun 1965	62d Signal Battalion, Fort Bragg, North Carolina
29 Jun 1965- 3 Apr 1968	385 th MP Battalion, 569 th Personnel Service Co. USAREUR
5 Jun 1968-18 May 1969	6 th Bn 56 th Artillery, HQ 23d (Americal) Division, Long Binh/Chu Lai, Vietnam
8 Jul 1969-30 Jun 1971	2d Psychological Operations Group, Fort Bragg, NC
1 Jul 1971	Retirement

PROMOTIONS

10 April 1941	Private	AUS	
Unk	Private First Class	AUS	810 th MP Co
Unk	Private 1cl/Specialist 5 th cl	AUS	810 th MP Co
1 June 1942	Sergeant	AUS	762nd MP Bn
1 Sept 1942	Staff Sergeant	AUS	762 nd MP Bn
1 Jan 1943	[First Sergeant]	AUS	762 nd MP Bn
	[Master Sergeant]	RA	762 nd MP Bn
			Enlistment 2 Nov 45
6 Dec 1951	Warrant Officer Junior grade(WO 1)	AUS	HQ 2 nd US Army
4 Aug 1953	do	USAR	do
31 Jan 1955	Chief Warrant Officer (CWO2)	AUS	Dept of Army
4 Aug 1956	do	USAR	do
3 May 1962	Chief Warrant Officer (CWO3)	AUS	do
4 Aug 1962	do	USAR	do
14 Dec 1966	Chief Warrant Officer (CWO4)	AUS	do
4 Aug 1968	do	USAR	do

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Career Summary

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

INDIVIDUAL	UNIT/AUTHORITY
Bronze Star Medal	Americal Division 1969
Meritorious Service Medal	XVIII ABN Corps 1971
Army Commendation Medal	US Army War College 1960
Do 1 st Oak Leaf Cluster	25 th Infantry Division 1963
Do 2d Oak Leaf Cluster	7 th Army Support Cmd 1968
Good Conduct Medal 1 st Award	762 nd MP Bn 1943
Do clasp	HQ Schofield Barracks 1949
American Defense Medal w/overseas clasp	DA
Asiatic-Pacific Campaign w/ 1 battle star (Hawaii)	DA
World War II Victory Medal	DA
National Defense Service Medal (Korea)	DA
Do (Vietnam)	DA
Korean Service Medal	DA
Vietnam Service Medal w/ 4 battle stars	DA
Armed Forces Reserve Medal w/ bronze hourglass	DA
United Nations Service Medal (Korea)	DA
Vietnam Campaign Ribbon (Vietnam)	DA
Three Hash Marks 3 yrs service each (enlisted Only)	DA
Twelve Overseas (Hershey) Bars 6 months service each	DA

UNIT

Meritorious Unit Commendation Co A 762nd MP Bn

SERVICE STRIPES Enlistments were usually for three years. For each three year “hitch” an Enlisted Man was entitled to wear a service stripe on the left sleeve of his formal uniform. The stripes were diagonally applied

OVERSEAS BARS generally referred to as Hershey Bars after General Louis B. Hershey who ran the Selective Service System during World War II. One bar was authorized for each six months service overseas. The bars were worn horizontally on the right sleeve of the uniform.

THE DRAFT(EE)

In September 1940, after much wrangling, Congress finally created the first peacetime draft for compulsory military service. It was known as the Selective Service System (SSS). Military service was limited to one year with no overseas service. All single males age 19 through 35 years of age were subject to the draft. The mechanics of the draft are a bit vague but as I recall you were given a number that was tied in with your birth date. Drawings were held. If your number was drawn, you were required to report for a physical examination and induction on specified dates. I believe the first numbers were called in November, or maybe that is when the whole thing started. In any case, my number was called early. I had to report for a physical examination and was classified 1A, that is, physically qualified for immediate service. I received my Presidential "Greetings" and was subsequently inducted into the military service on April 10, 1941.

My job at the RCA Manufacturing plant in Harrison, New Jersey, had been satisfying. I felt I was progressing well and would soon earn a promotion. Being drafted didn't bother me as the law allowed for my return to the job after the one year hiatus for military service. We made light of it, my co-workers, friends and relatives. The one year service would be a breeze, "I could do it standing on my head!" When it came time to leave my employment, my department co-workers gave me a gift of a camera along with their best wishes. Future events would change this outlook

On April 10, 1941, as I stood alone at the Newark, New Jersey railroad station, I was a little envious of the groups of friends and relatives there to send their "boys" off to the service. I didn't dwell on the situation, only looked forward to the coming events. It was a turning point, a time for burning bridges.

It didn't take long to get to Fort Dix, New Jersey, which was a designated reception station. We were shepherded through the maze of Army life. We attended lectures, one on the Articles of War, and were issued military clothing, including cloth wrap around puttees (leggings) which were of World War I vintage, and all our other necessities. We were assigned to barracks and initiated to army chow and kitchen police (KP). Oh yes, one must not forget latrine duty. My turn at this repugnant task came on Easter Sunday. Because of the influx of visitors for the holiday, certain latrines were designated for use by the visitors. Mine was a female one and had to be kept clean all day. The next day or so it was another train ride, this time to Fort Eustis, Virginia.

I assume the military had earlier embarked on a huge rapid building expansion program to accommodate the increase in military personnel resulting from the draft. New sleeping, eating and recreational facilities, those typical, temporary wooden buildings we now refer to as World War II style, were already in place in military bases all over the country, including Fort Eustis. The military conscription program was rolling in high gear. This would be home for the next three months.

The Draftee

Fort Eustis is located near Newport News, Virginia, an area rich in colonial history. Nearby are Williamsburg, the colonial capitol of Virginia, and Jamestown, an early settlement. Fort Eustis was designated as a Coast Artillery Training Center. This is where I had my basic training.. It was also my first exposure to segregation and the south. I don't think I'll ever forget my first pass to Newport News where the drinking establishments had signs in their windows, "NO GIs OR DOGS ALLOWED." At the time it was more of an inconvenience than a disturbing factor. I suppose they felt a need for this stance because the draft made no exceptions for race, color or creed and they had long established customs for separate facilities for blacks and whites.

Training at Fort Eustis comprised of the normal requirements for soldiering. Because of the rapid expansion of the Army in those days, materiel lagged behind the influx of manpower. There were instances where recruits drilled with broomsticks because of the shortage of rifles, but there was no evidence of it where I was. We, however, had a problem training with the 50 caliber antiaircraft machine gun, our primary weapon. Only one gun was available and had to be shared by several training companies.

During leisure time, we had a company party at Yorktown Beach. We also visited old colonial Williamsburg which was in its early stages of restoration.. The area was wide open and had few trees. After the initial snubs encountered at Newport News, no further visits were made thereat that I can recall. At the end of our training cycle, we had time off for the Fourth of July and preparation for shipping out. I made a trip up to Pennsylvania to visit the family and friends. That was the last time I saw my father. He passed away while I was still overseas.

When I returned to Fort Eustis, it was ship out time. We knew we were going somewhere but we didn't know exactly whereto. We boarded our troop train on Tuesday evening, July 8, 1941, and made a looping S-shaped trip across country, arriving in San Francisco, California, Sunday morning at 8:00 AM. It was fascinating and stimulating, as I had never seen so much of our country before. It was time to explore the other side of the mountain, the lure of the unknown.

LOG OF TRIP

Fort Eustis, Va..	7:00 p.m.	e.s.t.	Tuesday	July 8
Richmond, Va.	8:30 p.m.	e.s.t.	Tuesday	July 8
Cincinnati, Ohio	12:00 noon	c.s.t.	Wednesday	July 9
Chicago, Ill.	11:00 p.m.	c.s.t.	Wednesday	July 9
Kansas City, Mo.	3:45 p.m.	c.s.t.	Thursday	July 10
Tucumcarie, NM.	5:30 a.m.	m.s.t.	Friday	July 11
El Paso, Texas	1:30 p.m.	m.s.t.	Friday	July 11
Yuma, Arizona	5:15 a.m.	p.s.t.	Saturday	July 12
Los Angeles, Calif.	4:15 p.m.	p.s.t.	Saturday	July 12
San Francisco, Calif.	8:00 a.m.	p.s.t.	Sunday	July 13

The Draftee

Our troop train had a specially converted “dining car” to accommodate GI cooking and mess equipment. Meals were typical and served on a schedule by cars. This required KP duty of course. We ate, slept and lived on board for five days. Strangely, I cannot recall what the sleeping arrangements were. Did we have sleepers, or did we just sleep the best we could in our seats? I cannot recall pulling any KP on board either. There wasn’t much to do during the day but to read, play cards and amuse ourselves as best we could. Just gazing out the window allowed for some relaxation. We were routed over secondary railways in such a way as to have little or no exposure to the general public. In hindsight, I guess it could be considered as precautionary for national security reasons. Periodic stops were made in out of the way places where we could detrain for some stretching exercises. You could see from the trip log above how the route looped across the country. Places like Deming and Lordsburg, New Mexico, Douglas, Bisbee and Gila Bend, Arizona, as well as El Centro and Calipatria. California attests to the remoteness of some portions of the journey.

We arrived in San Francisco about 8:00 AM Sunday, July 13, and detrained at Fort Mason. Boats took us to Fort McDowell on Angel Island in the northern part of San Francisco Bay. Fort McDowell was the designated staging area for overseas shipment. Here we received our final preparation prior to departure for our overseas assignment. The dentists were very busy. They didn’t waste time, extraction was the general solution. I lost almost all of my molars at one sitting. It was no easy thing. I had some time off but lying in bed did not ease the pain. I had a couple of very miserable days.

Kitchen Police (KP), never an enjoyable task, was something else, usually lasting from around four in the morning until about nine PM each day. A whole barracks (WWII Style) and a half of personnel were detailed daily; some served as table waiters, some did the dirty work in the kitchen. Nine meals were served each day on a rigid schedule, three breakfasts, three dinners and three suppers. The chow was good and wholesome and served family style. Table waiters had only a half-hour to clean the tables and reset them between servings of meals.

Family style eating in the mess hall was an experience. The table waiters set up the tables ahead of time with the necessary china and flat wear. Just before the start of the meal, the food was set out on the table in serving bowls, platters, etc., in amounts appropriate for the number of people seated at the table. In other words, a table for 10 would have ten servings in each serving piece that was passed around the table until each person received his portion. By gentlemen’s agreement, a request to “pass the potatoes” (or whatever) was promptly complied with. Anybody “short stopping” the pass to grab a share was roundly criticized, as was the person who took more than his share. When the serving piece was empty, it was the table waiter who scurried to the kitchen for a refill. If food was plentiful, there was no problem. Shortages meant that sometimes someone would be left out on an item or two. Coffee was set out in pitchers and never seemed to run out.

The Draftee

After the last meal, all KPs and table waiters were assembled and used to scour the china and silverware. One day it would be all the plates, the next day all the bowls, etc. That mess sergeant was the hardest taskmaster I ever saw in the service. He was hated and heartily cursed underbreath by many a soldier. By nine PM, when we were released, we dragged ourselves to the barracks and collapsed in bed. I think I pulled three of those KP details while I was there. I might add that that mess hall had about the cleanest tableware in the Army.

There were pleasant aspects to our stay at Fort McDowell. It was a beautiful place, a mountain rising up out of the bay. It had tame deer and quail. There were old garrison buildings on the opposite side of the island from our staging area. It was interesting to see the mules, old wagons and old-time hook and ladder fire wagons with their acetylene lights, all reminiscent of the Civil War days. At night, we had a fantastic view of San Francisco and Oakland with their myriad lights. We had free movies. Free ferry service was available to San Francisco and I made one afternoon visit there on pass. The route of the ferry took us past Alcatraz Island. I was very impressed by the sights and sounds and the friendliness of the city. To this day, I feel it is one of the nicest cities in the country. I was surprised at how cool it could be because of the weather variables. I couldn't get over the fact that I had to wear a jacket at times in early August because of these conditions.

The centrally located bulletin board was a daily attraction not to be missed. In addition to the roster requirements, appointments and general information posted on the board there were the sailing lists. After a little more than three weeks, my name appeared on a sailing list. Again, it

was to an unknown destination. I finally shipped out on the 9th of August aboard the USS President Cleveland. We found out later that the ship was bound for Hawaii and other ports in the Pacific.

It was in this time frame that the US Congress was debating the probable extension of the draft. Because of the deterioration in world affairs, the President urged Congress to consider extending the service of all draftees from one year to a period of thirty months and to allow their utilization in overseas assignments. We had to chuckle over this because we were already overseas when Congress finally passed the legislation. The extension of service was something else. It meant you had to reevaluate your future prospects. As it turned out, later events dictated service to be the duration (of the war) plus six months.

(draftee.doc)

TRANSITION

Our troop transport, the USS President Cleveland, set sail from Fort Mason, San Francisco, August 9, 1941, for Pacific ports of call. Individually, we were unaware of our ultimate destination and fate. Little did I realize, as we sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge, that future events would lead me to drive across that magnificent span, as well as an occasion when I made a flight over it.

We sighted the Hawaiian Islands in the afternoon of August 15th. I marveled at the navigational prowess of the ships officers to guide the ship so as to arrive at a pinpoint location in a vast ocean with such accuracy. Dusk was settling down as the USS President

Cleveland nosed its way past Diamond Head. On board there was much interest in the anticipated events of the final arrival and docking. Just about everybody was at the rails marveling at the grandeur of the lighted city. This was the culmination of a five day uneventful voyage in which the weather cooperated to provide smooth sailing. The routine of shipboard life was coming to an end for those scheduled to disembark in Honolulu. I believe we were the first draftees deployed to Hawaii. I have long given up trying to determine what forces were in action that selected me for duty in Hawaii. This was the termination forever of friendships generated in basis training and continuing through the cross country trip and sea voyage to this place and time.

We docked at Fort Armstrong in Honolulu Harbor at about 9:00 PM Hawaiian time. I was farther from home than any member of the family had been up to that time. The area, events and circumstances surrounding the arrival fed a strong curiosity, a pulse quickening of wonderment of what happens next. I soon found out. As we descended the gangplank, a colonel was on hand selecting certain individuals for some unspecified reason. I later learned that this was Colonel Steer, the Hawaiian Department Provost Marshal who had been given authority to select those individuals he felt would be suitable for duty as military policemen. One of the criteria for selection was height. At six feet, it later turned out that I was one of the smallest of assigned personnel. After being selected, I was approached by Colonel Steer and was asked if I wanted to be an MP. Not having heard of the military police before, or knowing of what such duty entailed, I told him it was okay with me.

The few of us draftees selected, I do not recall the exact number, were loaded on a truck and transported through the downtown area of Honolulu. I can still recall the sights and sounds of the evening, and the bustling activity at the old railroad station near Aala Park. This was soon put behind us as we rode through the quiet suburbs to arrive at Fort Shafter. Our assignment was to the Hawaiian Department MP Company that was later redesignated as the 810th Military Police Company. This was my first assignment to a regular unit.

Initially, we draftees were quartered in tents because of the nature of our training and the lack of space in the barracks. Our training consisted of two months of intensive instruction

in range firing, uniform and appearance, meaning of accouterments (whistle, marshal chain, brassard, pistol, police club, handcuffs, notebook, etc.) and the use of each. Various phases of military police duties were thoroughly covered. A Sergeant Looney was our Transition

designated primary leader and instructor during the training period. On the firing range, the first time I ever fired the Colt .45 caliber pistol, I scored 99 out of a possible 100 to qualify as expert. I maintained that expert rating throughout my career.

As we went through our basic MP training, we were looked upon with disdain by the regulars of the unit. They eventually acceded to the fact that we were not a bad lot and slowly we became accepted as part of the unit. Evenso, there was a distinction between the regulars and the draftees at that time. As the Army continued to expand, and the draftees were assimilated into the ranks, the distinction was dissipated, at least until the second World War came to an end.

The Fort Shafter Military Police Company, in addition to providing security at the post by manning the gates and performing other garrison duties, was responsible also for assisting the Honolulu Police Department in controlling and protecting the soldiers off duty in Honolulu. The Navy provided similar support for Naval and Marine Corps personnel through the use of Shore Patrol teams which were detailed from ship complements.

The military police supported the civilian police by maintaining a "desk" at the Honolulu Police Station and by providing foot patrols (beat walkers) in key sections of the city. Certain areas of Honolulu were designated as "beats" or patrol areas. Most beats were in Downtown Honolulu because of the concentration of bars, eating establishments and "pleasure palaces", the fun places most single GIs looked for in their off duty time, particularly at payday. While on duty, we were prohibited from entering a pleasure palace except to quell a disturbance. Two beats covered the outlying areas, one in the Kalihi District and one in the Waikiki area. The shortest beat, one block wide and two blocks long, was in the heart of the downtown area covering parts of Hotel and King Streets. The longest beat, more than a mile, covered the popular Waikiki Beach area along Kalakaua Avenue.

There were two classes of beats, payday and regular. Payday beats, the first seven days of the month, usually required duty from five PM until one or two AM. Duty time after the midnight hour was compensated for by allowing the following morning off from regular training duties as "sleep-in" time. Regular beats, the rest of the month, were normally conducted from seven PM until eleven or twelve PM with no time off from regular morning training requirements. Payday beats usually required duty every other day while regular beats required duty every third or fourth day. Prior to going on duty, we were given the afternoon off to prepare for it. This consisted of pressing our uniforms, polishing our brass, shoes and leather accouterments, reviewing our notes and so forth.

Although payday was normally the last day of the month, the great influx of servicemen into Honolulu, with its attendant pleasure seeking problems, necessitated an experiment of split paydays. As a consequence, there was a time when the divisional troops (Schofield

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Barracks) were not paid until the seventh of the month. This test did not last long as future events changes many things.

Our military police uniform was a clean, form fitting, as wrinkle free as possible, khaki shirt and trousers, usually heavily starched, and a khaki tie. The hat was the topee (safari) hat scrubbed and bleached almost white by the sun. When required, our canvas leggings, which replaced the old puttees, were also scrubbed and bleached out. Most of the time, the duty uniform was trousers unbloused. We had a double thickness one and one-half inch wide black leather belt with an over size brass buckle. The double thickness provided rigidity to keep from creasing. We had a regulation pistol holster with an added leather thickness to the flap, an ammo pouch and a billy club holder, all black leather. On the left breast pocket of the shirt, we looped a brass chain (Marshal Chain, symbol of authority) across the pocket up to the shoulder loop. A brass whistle was appended to the button of the left breast pocket. We wore the MP brassard on our upper left arm.. A white lanyard was looped over the neck and under the right armpit and secured to the butt of the pistol. This lanyard prevented the "loss" of the weapon and its seizure by unauthorized persons. The leather was all highly spit polished until you could see your reflection on the surface. The brass, of course, was highly polished until it shown like gold. We usually stood on a chair or our footlocker to draw on our trousers to prevent wrinkling prior to inspection. There was stiff legged walking until the duty inspection Helping one another made it easier to get ready for duty. Incidentally, we carried twenty-one rounds of ammunition in three clips while on duty, with strict accountability for each round.

The duty roster always listed a supernumerary. During the rigid pre-duty inspection for neatness and other criteria made by the Duty Sergeant, the person deemed most neatly dressed and prepared for duty was excused and he was replaced by the supernumerary. That is unless the supernumerary was selected as best dressed. The person excused was entitled to the next day off. Competition for this "honor" was highly competitive and was usually won by one of the old time regulars. The uniform was "tailored" or tailor made with the shirt skin tight. At times, when selection was critical between two persons, the final outcome was decided on the condition and contents of the person's notebook. It took a lot of hard work and polishing to achieve a competitive edge. Heaven help the person who unwittingly stepped on the MP's shoes or damaged his uniform in any way while he was on patrol. Sometimes this happened which meant stripping the polish down to the leather and starting the spit and polish routine all over again.

As Beatwalkers, we patrolled in pairs. This was done for protection, greater public visibility and emphasis in enforcing the laws. The "recruit" was usually paired with an experienced military policeman for additional on-the-job training. As pairs, we did not allow anyone to come between (separate) us while walking the beat. This was a hardfast rule for protection and to deter any possible assault. When an arrest was made, usually for public drunkenness, the MP desk was notified by phone. Radios had not yet been

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developed for that purpose. The paddywagon was dispatched to pick up the prisoner for processing. He was transported to the MP Desk where he was "booked" and temporarily confined until he was released to his unit of assignment. Usually the unit was notified as early as possible of the individual's arrest and a request made to dispatch representatives (NCO or higher rank) to escort the individual under guard to his unit for such disciplinary action as the unit commander deemed appropriate. Individuals from units at Schofield Barracks were sometimes detained until a truck could be dispatched to return them to their units by the Schofield Barracks military police operations. Arresting an individual for drunkenness, in addition to it being a violation of the Articles of War, was done to protect him from possible injury and/or mugging.

One of our requirements was to memorize the following definition of drunkenness in case we had to be a witness at a court-martial or an investigation. Our ability to recite the definition was accepted as attestation to the charge of drunkenness.

Drunkenness is any intoxication which is sufficient sensibly to impair the full or partial faculties of the mental and physical faculties.

It is difficult for me to say how many times I had walked a beat but I do recall that I had been a Senior Beatwalker on several occasions before the war. The only really memorable event of my beatwalking tours occurred one night when a berserk Filipino civilian was running down the center of widely lighted Beretania Avenue toward Aala Park while brandishing a machete overhead. The populace disappeared into doorways and alleys to escape his charge. We took out after him but he was apprehended by the civilian police by the time we reached him.

As part of our regular training, which was almost a daily occurrence, we wore our old herringbone twill style work uniforms with floppy hat. One of our exercises was a hike over portions of the Koolau Mountain range. It was not too difficult or extraordinary long but it was a novel experience. At the top of the mountains, on that day, visibility was greatly reduced because of low hanging clouds. Part of the trail lead along knifelike ridges with the mountain falling away on each side. It certainly was no place for a misstep.

Military training and MP duties filled the days and did not leave much time for passes of off duty leisure. We did have a company party at the beach, I believe it was at Bellows

Field, an Air Base on the windward side of the island.. I did manage to do a little sightseeing but without transportation this was limited.

I have snatches of memory of an incident when I and a couple of others were returning to the barracks from town one night. We were walking up the slight grade leading to the main gate of Fort Shafter when a vehicle suddenly left the road nearby and ran into a field. We dashed over to check the scene and found the driver lying on the ground with a leg pinned under a front wheel of the vehicle. We dug with our hands until we were able to Transition

free his leg. It is unclear as to how the driver was transported to the old Tripler Hospital which was a short way up the road and across from the Fort Shafter main gate. There is a very, very hazy memory of making out some reports at the hospital. I recall nothing further on this event.

Kitchen Police (KP), the bane of all GIs, was still part of my army life at this time. After one such tour of duty, our KP Chaser (one who assists mess personnel in supervising the run of the mess hall and sets up the tables) made some allegations to the First Sergeant that I had said something or other about the mess personnel. The exact reason escapes me. I was called in to report to the First Sergeant. He proceeded to chew me out without giving me a chance for rebuttal. The allegations were untrue. I was so mad when I left his office that had that KP Chaser crossed my path at that time I would have committed mayhem. I was only a Private First Class (PFC) and it was the only time I was ever so mad in my entire life.

I am sure that every body has heard the good and the bad about army chow. I found no serious fault. It was wholesome, nourishing and edible. I mention it now because our standard fare for supper every Saturday at Fort Shafter was baked beans and French fried potatoes. Part of the reason was that most of the unit personnel were off duty on weekend pass and rarely ate in the mess hall on Saturday. It was also the easiest KP duty to perform.

The fact that I was a PFC, in this time frame, brings to mind that my pay for the first four months of service as Buck Private was twenty-one dollars a month. After completion of basic training, the pay was raised to the standard thirty dollars a month. As a PFC, I think I made thirty-six dollars a month. Well, it did leave me some extra money which I occasionally loaned to trustworthy fellow soldiers for the then standard six for five. It helped increase my holdings.

Pay day then was a big day in the life of the soldier. It was the day we looked forward to all month. After pay call, we had the rest of the day off. Only those required to perform duties were excused. Pay call was a Class "A" Uniform type of formation. In roll call order, when your name was called you signed the payroll, reported to the Class "A" Agent Officer (Pay Officer), saluted, giving your rank and name. (PFC ____ reporting for pay sir!). After receiving your pay you again saluted, about faced and left the room. Payment was in cash. Pay call lasted for a couple of hours. If for some reason an individual failed to make pay

call, his pay was placed in an envelope and temporarily secured by the Class "A" Agent Officer. You had to have a legitimate reason to miss pay call. This was standard procedure throughout the Army for years and years. Each unit had its own appointed agent officer.

There was some activity outdoors after pay call as individual debts were settled either by paying off or collecting what was due. You had a chance also to buy PX chits and theater tickets, if desired. Theater tickets were sold in booklets, each ticket worth about twenty-five cents. Haircuts were also a quarter. I guess the theory was that if you bought PX chits Transition

or theater tickets at pay day when you had the money you could still go to the movies and make PX purchases later in the month when cash was not readily available.

I have tried to show what the routine was in the MP Company in the months that preceded the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. There may have been other events and happenings but I guess their nature was so insignificant as to deserve no memory chip.

In November 1941, the military in Hawaii was placed in alert status for about a week. At the time I had no idea as to why the alert was called. History recalls that that was one of the series of events leading up to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and other military installations in Hawaii. It was the beginning of the end of the "brown shoe Army".

HISTORICAL NOTES

It might be interesting to note that although there was a Provost Marshal from the time the Army was first established, the Military Police Corps was in its infancy. Prior to 1941, there were no definitive guidelines or procedures that were applicable Army wide. Inevitably there were variances and irregularities. Heretofore, Military Police, as well as their counterparts, the Shore Patrol, were detailed to these temporary duties from units directed to provide personnel for these duties. Such personnel were not always of the highest caliber. There was no prior training and no established concepts of how the duties would be performed. I suppose certain areas, particularly overseas as Hawaii, Panama and the Philippine Islands had established and knowledgeable police units in existence.

The Class "A" Agent Officer was appointed on Special Orders. On pay day he was required to report to the serving Finance Office early in the morning with an armed guard. His first job was to count the money for the prepared unit payroll to assure its correctness. The total bills and coins were so computed by the Finance Office so that each soldier would receive his exact pay down to the last man being paid. In other words, money and men had to equal out at the end. A breakdown of an individual payment of \$116.42 would require the following:

Bills	Coins
5 - \$20.00	1 - 25 cent piece
1 - 10.00	1 - 10 cent piece

1 - 5.00
1 - 1.00

1 - 5 cent piece
2 - 1 cent pieces

This was how it was counted out at the pay table. After verifying the amount of the payroll, the Class "A" Agent Officer signed for it and proceeded to the company area to pay the troops. Any monies left over because of absence of the individual(s) was returned to the Finance Officer at the earliest feasible time.
(mp.doc)

DECEMBER 7, 1941
A RUDE AWAKENING

Saturday, December 6, 1941, was normal in all respects. It was payday time and I was on duty that night as a Beatwalker on the short two-block beat in downtown Honolulu. There were no unusual incidents that I can recall. The number of servicemen in town and the volume of business did not slacken until after midnight. I believe it was sometime around 2:00 AM Sunday morning that we were relieved from duty and returned to our barracks at Fort Shafter.

I was taking advantage of my sleep-in time when I was awakened by booming sounds at around 8:00 AM, Sunday, December 7th. I went outdoors to see what was happening. Over toward Pearl Harbor, I could see pillars of black smoke. There was a lot of artillery fire with one round screaming overhead. Somebody mentioned that "Someone will catch hell for that one!" We thought it was an errant round and that the firing was being done during maneuvers. The word then got out via the radio that the Japanese were attacking Pearl Harbor. Per our emergency procedures, the Beatwalkers who were on duty the previous night were called out to resume their posts and duties in their assigned areas. There was no change in uniform or armament. It was about 9:00 AM. While in formation, I looked up and spotted the telltale red balls on the wings of the planes identifying them as Japanese. Some of the planes were flying in formation. It didn't take long to get us transported downtown. Regrettably, I cannot recall the name of my fellow Beatwalker, though I was senior. We had little or no instructions on what to do other than to try to keep the civilians off the streets and indoors and to assist the GIs where needed. It was a hopeless task. As we proceeded down the street getting people indoors, they would stream out of the buildings behind us as we passed. There was no panic, just curiosity. Later our "tin hats" and gas masks were brought to us to wear. We managed to get a light lunch also, sandwiches I believe. It was a common thing to run across a straggling serviceman bewildered by what happened. They were advised to seek transportation and to return to their unit as soon as possible as the Japanese had attacked Hawaii. These happenings occurred long into the afternoon. I cannot recall if we received or had a supper meal or not. We were on our own without contact with our unit. My partner and I just continued to patrol that two block area continuously. We were beginning to get fatigued.

It was broadcast that martial law was in effect and later notices came out that mandated a 6:00PM curfew and total blackout. As night approached and the curfew hour came and went, the population slowly disappeared and much of the hubbub died down. All business establishments were closed. Our main task now was to see that total blackout was enforced, requiring lights out where they were left burning. This posed a problem in some instances as night lights had been left on in the banks. We assisted a civilian police officer as he tried to extinguish a light in a bank in our area. He had broken a window and unsuccessfully tried to shoot out the light. We tried to shoot it out too with our pistols but were unsuccessful. I don't remember how the light was finally turned off. I believe the bank manager may have been located and asked to do so.

December 7, 1941

As the night wore on, it became increasingly difficult to continue our patrol. We were extremely tired and were reluctant to sit down for fear of falling asleep, hence being subject to punishment for sleeping on duty, a most severe sentence. There was hardly any activity in the area, no vehicular traffic that I can remember. Finally, about 2:00 AM, Monday morning, the 8th of December, we were picked up by one of our patrol cars and taken to the Honolulu Police Station. Our NCOs claimed they had been looking for us. I claimed that if they looked for us they would have found us because we were where we were supposed to be. I think they had forgotten that we were out there. We were given a couple of blankets and allowed to stretch out on the concrete floor. It didn't matter, I was soon asleep. In the morning we were transported back to Fort Shafter. The rest of the day is a blank to me.

Historical reports document the events of the day, the damage done at Pearl Harbor and other military installations and the number killed and wounded in the attack.

There was a great deal of confusion during that fateful day. It was feared that additional bombing attacks would be made. There was fear also that the Japanese would invade the islands and would be assisted by the local Japanese population. Divisional troops were dispersed to various defense positions around the island, particularly on the beach areas.

Since curfew and blackout orders were in effect, our nightly beats in Honolulu were suspended. We assumed daytime duties which included traffic control at some key intersections among other things. I found traffic control to be quite challenging and rewarding. I pulled a duty during one rush hour at the corner of King and Middle Streets.

Our Military Police Company and operations were transferred to the Immigration Station near Fort Armstrong and the docks of Honolulu. Although I was not directly involved, weapons and radios were confiscated from the Japanese citizenry lest they be used in a supposed uprising to support a possible Japanese invasion. Many notable Japanese citizens were rounded up and confined at the Immigration Station. Some were later shipped to internment camps in the mainland United States.

There were details to Special Guard Duty at various times and places.. One in particular was security guard duty at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Waikiki Beach. Not long after the attack on Pearl Harbor, a commission was appointed to investigate the causes of the disaster and whether there was dereliction of duty on the part of the senior military commanders in Hawaii. The commission met at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. The 810th MP Company was responsible for providing security at the meeting site. I did pull one tour of guard duty at that location.

We had at least one guard post at one of the gates at the Immigration Station. I don't recall if it was a two, four or more hour duty tour. We had one of our young lieutenants who liked to sneak up on the grass to the rear of the sentinel at night and then censure him for not being alert when he was not challenged. This went on for some time until by arrangement

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the enlisted personnel decided that the lieutenant needed to be taught a lesson. So, one night the guard was especially watchful for that officer as he approached the guard post. He challenged the officer with the usual "Halt! Who goes there? But instead of waiting for a reply, BLAM! he fired a shotgun blast over his head. The officer threw himself to the ground and shouted "Don't shoot! Don't Shoot! Its the Officer of the Guard!" After that incident, that officer made plenty of noise every time he approached that guard post at night.

Most of the nights were peaceful and quiet. The moonlit nights were especially enrapturing. The curfew led to a quietness over the area that soothed the senses.. How delightful to enjoy the moonlit palm leaves rustling under the gentle breezes.. The full moon high above shone with a brightness as to almost allow the reading of a newspaper or book. These were the scenes and feelings that are long remembered. This was the Hawaii that was.

It was some time before the fears of invasion subsided and a return to normalcy was achieved. Of course the normalcy was entirely different from that of the pre-Pearl Harbor days.. Now there was a preparedness, a concern for the population through the issuance of gas masks and identification tags. In addition to the curfew and blackout which continued into 1943, there was the rationing of food, liquor, gasoline, etc. Young women received training in rudimentary hospital care. Time was allotted for school children to work in the fields harvesting the pineapple crop.. Such occasions were announced through the radio with the message THERE WILL BE WORK IN THE PINEAPPLE FIELDS TODAY!

Defense

work was stepped up. The military trained and prepared for its part in the war. More troops and equipment were brought into the staging area. Passes were extremely limited and were issued for afternoon hours only.

It was in January 1942 that I was reassigned from military police duties to the post of Supply Clerk. This was the start of my military administrative duties. It wasn't long before I was promoted to Private First Class Specialist Fifth Class, a non-NCO position.. The return to a routine life failed to generate any deep-set memories of events.. I was not privy to meetings or conferences covering operating procedures to support unit operations.

In May 1942, as a result of the rapidly expanding Army, I was selected as cadre and transferred to Schofield Barracks as a Supply Sergeant in the newly activated 762d Military Police Battalion.. New horizons were opening up.

NOTE.. In 1991, the US Congress authorized a Special Medal commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.. I was authorized and received a medal which is properly safeguarded..

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WAR YEARS

The 762d Military Police Battalion was activated in 1942 and assigned to Schofield Barracks for operational control to meet the expanding needs for security and traffic control. Company "A" was assigned the mission for perimeter security by manning the gates to the installation, traffic control and police patrols on post, accident investigations, a Military Police Desk and other duties normally associated with police work. It was also responsible for raising the post flag at reveille and lowering it at retreat. Company "B" was responsible for security in the warehouse areas. Company "C" also was assigned security posts but was soon detached for service at Sand Island in Honolulu. Company "D" had responsibility for the operation and security of the Post Stockade and for the re-training of prisoners. Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment had the responsibility for battalion operations and the Provost Marshal Office. The units were quartered in Quadrangle "B", the old Engineer Quadrangle at Schofield Barracks.

Cadre for the newly activated battalion was selected from personnel of the Hawaiian Department 810th MP Company, Headquarters and MP Company of the 24th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks, and Headquarters and MP Company of the 25th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks. The 24th and 25th Infantry Divisions had been formed earlier from the old Hawaiian Division. The cadre was officially assigned to elements of the 762d Military Police Battalion effective 1 June 1942.

With my appointment as Supply Sergeant in Company "A", 762d MP Battalion, I bypassed the grade of Corporal. Regular Sergeants in those days were commonly referred to as "buck" sergeants. My job was to requisition and obtain the necessary equipment and supplies for a company of five officers and one hundred seventy-five enlisted personnel. Company "A" also had the responsibility for equipping the Headquarters and Headquarters Detachment which included medical and dental personnel. After receiving the equipment and supplies, they were stored in the supply room and issued as needed. Appropriate records of all transactions had to be maintained. I had a truck driver assistant. This continued for the summer of 1942. Our full complement of personnel had not been assigned yet.

This lack of personnel, along with the vagaries of a changing army on a wartime footing, kept the unit in turmoil. Some diehard "regulars" opted for transfer to other units. Some moved on to officer training and a few moved on to accept direct commissions. The seasoned cadre was thus dissipated and diluted with reliability falling on the less seasoned remainder. I would like to point out at this time that although the personnel selected for the cadre were qualified in their specialty, some were selected solely because they were "trouble makers". No stability was achieved in the unit until after receipt of the full compliment of personnel which arrived in November to bring the unit up to its authorized strength.

In September 1942, the military revised its grade structure upwards. In the Army, all mess, supply and platoon sergeants were automatically changed from "buck" sergeant to Staff Sergeant grade. First Sergeants, which heretofore were equivalent to Technical Sergeant (SFC - E6), were

changed to Master Sergeant (E7) equivalency, then the top enlisted grade. It wasn't until many years later
War Years

that the E8 and E9 grades were added to the enlisted grade structure. I was promoted to the grade of Staff Sergeant as a result of these changes.

It was in September of 1942 that arrangements were made with the Grace Lee Laundry in Wahiawa to do the laundry for Company "A" on a weekly basis. A very amicable relationship was developed. On one of the weekly visits to pick up the laundry, I first looked upon the woman who was later to become my beloved wife. A spark was generated. The weekly visits to the laundry provided ready opportunity to cultivate the relationship.

The filler personnel for the battalion finally arrived in early November 1942, to bring the units up to their authorized strength. Much of the personnel assigned to Company "A" were mature former civilian police or guard personnel which allowed quick stability and ready assimilation of duties expected and required of them. It did not take long to overcome the disruption caused by the turnover of cadre personnel and the unit took on the appearance of the new non-regular army.

The loss of original cadre continued into December with the loss of the Company "A" First Sergeant who left for officer training. I was appointed acting First Sergeant to replace him.. The appointment was made permanent the first day of January 1943, as I was promoted to the grade and position, circumventing the grade of Sergeant First Class. I thus completely traversed the enlisted grade structure in about twenty-one months of service. In time, I committed to memory the full name, grade and service number of all members of my company.

Through regular training, close order drill, range firing and the exemplary performance of routine duties, the battalion developed into a crackerjack outfit with outstanding reputation. Departing task forces requested the assignment of the 762d MP battalion but were refused. There were a couple of other MP Battalions that had been activated about the same time as the 762d MP Battalion. In time, these other battalions departed with task forces. Personnel of Company "A" were so dependable and reliant in their assignments and duties that higher level supervision was rarely called for even by its own officers. They were the nearest thing to human perpetual motion. A camaraderie was developed which has been carried over to this day and has been perpetuated by annual reunions.

The duties assigned perfectly matched the number of personnel with no allowance for extras. This closeness in scheduled duties often led to many heated discussions with higher authority when additional details, duties or missions were imposed. One such detail was the requirement to furnish guards for liquor shipments as they arrived in Honolulu. During the war years liquor was rationed and quality spirits were difficult to obtain, usually at very high prices. To Avoid any loss, we furnished guards to cover shipments from dockside to the Schofield Barracks Officers Club by truck convoy. These guard duties were performed during off-duty time from regular duties.

From time to time, I took umbrage with our mess personnel, from a personal standpoint, because most of their food was prepared with onions and tomatoes, both vegetables I could not digest. This was especially true with the preparation of SPAM. No matter how it was prepared, or War Years

doctored up, Spam was Spam the bane of World War II GIs. Our mess sergeant and first cook were both of Italian ancestry that could have accounted for the heavy-handed usage of tomatoes and onions in their cooking. Then again, food supplies were not requisitioned with the Ritz in mind. We did manage to survive.

During maneuvers on post one time, our personnel carrier was deployed as a simulated tank. This pseudo-tank took up a strategic position to “destroy” the invading army. Shortly afterwards the maneuvers were terminated. We liked to think that we won that war.

The buildup of troops in the islands, at its peak, reached about ten divisions in various stages of training in preparation for future combat operations. This influx of troops demanded full attention to duty for our personnel in all aspects of our responsibilities. When these troops departed with the various task forces to other areas of the Pacific Theater of Operations, a lull occurred in the pace of our activities. It was a welcome change. For the outstanding performance of duties during this critical period, Company “A”, 762d Military Police Battalion, was awarded the Meritorious Unit Commendation.

Many events occurred in the course of our operations during the war years. The details of some have faded into oblivion, others retain a place in memory and are worthy of mention.

RAILROAD. After an incident of some railroad cars rolling freely on post, the following notice was prepared by one of the Desk Sergeants and posted on the company bulletin board.

Oct. 29th, 1943

AWOL

One railroad train, consisting of about three flat cars, last seen heading in the general direction of Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii. These cars do have wheels on them and tracks are provided by the Oahu R.R.. Co. but the cars have an annoying habit of leaving the tracks and rolling down the street, particularly Foote Ave., to the mutual horror of all G.I.'s who happen to be in the vicinity at the moment.. It is rumored these cars left with a task force and are on their way to the Southwest Pacific but this is not certain. Any information leading to the capture and arrest of these cars will be appreciated by the Oahu R.R.

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL. General Marshall, Army Chief of Staff, made a visit to Hawaii and addressed commanders and leaders from the balcony of Quadrangle “F”, Schofield Barracks. A sort of pep talk.

ENTERTAINERS. Many noted stars of stage and screen came to Schofield Barracks at different times to entertain the troops. Among the notables were Bob Hope, Jerry Collonna, Frances Langford, Carole Landis, Al Jolson, Jack Benny, Larry Adler, Maurice Evans, and others. Many

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baseball stars also appeared. Mother and I did see some of the shows and had a brief courtesy meeting with Maurice Evans after his show of Hamlet. Military Police escorts were provided by our unit as needed.

PLANE COLLISION. In February 1944, two planes (P38 - P40?) collided over Schofield Barracks. Both pilots were killed. One plane crashed on the road near the front of the Officers' Club. The other crashed near the Field Library, not far from the General's Loop, setting it afire. Many books were burned or charred.

7th INFANTRY DIVISION. After arrival of the 7th Infantry Division in Hawaii, there was some dissension within the ranks because they were deployed to Hawaii for further training, after being released from the Alaska Area of Operations, instead of deploying to the Continental United States. They may have been assured of a return to CONUS during the Alaskan Campaign. It was necessary for the Central Pacific Commander, General Richardson, to address the troops to placate them.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. President Franklin D. Roosevelt arrived in Hawaii in July 1944 for several conferences with the major commanders of the Pacific Theater of Operations. Among those attending were General McArthur, Admiral Nimitz, Admiral "Bull" Halsey and others of the various services and allied countries. President Roosevelt had a luncheon conference at the Schofield Barracks Officers Club which was followed by a military review of the 7th Infantry Division. Extra security patrols and traffic control was provided by Company "A" but primary safety for the president rested with the Secret Service and FBI. While checking the Officer's Club area, I noted the departure of the president from the club rear entrance as presidential party members carried him from the club and assisted in seating him in his car. After the party left, a line of sedans containing lesser officers strung out behind him. Brigadier Generals were plentiful and virtually disregarded.

DROWNING INCIDENT. We had a drowning incident at the inlet of the Wahiawa Reservoir involving a colored soldier. I and several others from the company attempted to recover the body by free diving but were unsuccessful. The twenty foot or so depth was too much to overcome. SCUBA was not yet available. The body was later recovered with grappling devices..

PISTOL CHAMPIONSHIP. In May 1945, a couple of members of Company "A", including myself, as members of the Army Personnel and Service Command (AP&SC) pistol team competed in the Central Pacific Base Command (CPBC) pistol and rifle championship matches. We won the pistol championship for which we were individually awarded a commendation signed by General Burgin. This commendation was tantamount to the Army Commendation Medal. I

had only to apply for the medal, citing the commendation. I never did because I felt this sort of thing was not encompassed by the stipulated qualifications for the award.

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DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER. General Eisenhower paid a visit to Schofield Barracks, at a time I cannot recall, after the war in Europe. I do recall that he was at the boxing bowl for an address but other details escape me.

During the war years a chance to apply for a direct commission arose and I started the necessary paperwork but decided not to submit the application because of differences of opinion with the then battalion commander. Further, it would have interfered with my courtship of Florence. I never regretted the decision. I had plenty of time to court my intended and found time to teach her how to drive an automobile. The nearby pineapple fields provided an excellent area for training.

Early on, in 1943, thanks to volunteers from Company "A", a grave was dug in the Wahiawa Cemetery for Aunt Mary's husband who had passed away from cancer. A lack of resources, at that point in time, led to this voluntary act. During the excavation, a huge rock formation in the bottom of the pit forced a leveling off just short of the normal depth. An orderly interment was accomplished thanks to the generous assistance of those volunteers. Grandma Lee provided those fellows with a special meal.

Aunt Grace's son Harry drowned at the North Shore of Oahu during a church related outing. A larger than normal wave swept him and a couple of others off the beach and into the water. The others managed to get back safely but Harry was carried away. His body was never recovered despite several attempts by skilled divers to locate it. He may have had a premonition as he had left his ring and watch at home prior to going on the outing. This happened in mid 1945 in fair weather. Uncle Ray came to visit us while we were conducting a vigil for the body and met mother and the Lee family for the first time.

By the time World War II came to an official close, six of us Supulski's served in the military forces. The others who served were:

Edward (Mack) served in the Air Force as an Armorer-Machine Gunner in a B24 squadron. He spent a short time in Hawaii. When I found out he was at Kahuku Air Base I arranged for him to have a pass, picked him up by jeep and returned him to his base after visiting the Lee family in Wahiawa. Shortly afterwards, he left for the South Pacific area.

Ernest was with a Pack Howitzer Artillery unit in Alaska. He later served with this unit in Italy.

Leonard became a navigator in the Air Force. It wasn't long after his graduation from the Navigator School that his plane crashed near Kearney, Nebraska, and he lost his life. He was our only casualty, our Gold Star.

Raymond was our Navy representative. He served as a Signaller on the baby carrier NEHENTA BAY in the Pacific. Their task force suffered through the ravages of a severe typhoon

near the Philippine Islands. During one phase of their operations, their ship nearly collided with the battleship NORTH CAROLINA. On one of his stopovers in Hawaii I arranged to pick him up and spend some time in Wahiawa and at a family beach gathering. We took him back to Pearl Harbor loaded with a bag of food stuffs. To circumvent a ban on liquor, we put some bourbon in a small listerine bottle and placed it on top of the other things in the package. He had no problem getting past the security guards and enjoyed a nip or two aboard ship.

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Charles served in the army in Germany, arriving shortly before the official close of the war. His tour of duty was cut short because of the draw down and reduction of forces.

John wanted to serve but was rejected for physical reasons. He did his part through defense related factory work in New Jersey. Joe and Tom, the two eldest, also did defense related work. Other children in the family were too young to serve.

Jacob Lee (Florence's brother) was in the Air Force during the war. His unit was deployed to the South Pacific and made a fueling stop in Hawaii. He had a chance to call home for a few minutes. When I was told about it, I tried to find out if he was still in the islands and what unit he was with but only found out that the unit he was with had evidently departed for an unknown destination.

AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

American Defense Medal w/star to indicate overseas service
Asiatic-Pacific Medal w/star for Battle of Hawaii
Good Conduct Medal
Presidential Unit Citation Co. A, 762d MP Bn performance of duty
Overseas Bars (8)

OVERSEAS SERVICE BARS

Overseas service bars, commonly referred to as "Hershey Bars" because they were promulgated by General Hershey, were authorized for each six months of wartime service in an overseas area. Time was accumulative. Overseas service bars were worn on the right sleeve of the Class A uniform coat only. Louis B Hershey was the first director of the Selective Service System in the World War II era.

ARMS QUALIFICATION

Expert Caliber .45 pistol repeatedly
Expert Gunner Thompson Submachine gun
Sharpshooter Carbine
Marksman Garand (600 yards)

There may have been others such as shotgun, grenade, etc., which I cannot confirm or recall

(worldwar.doc)

War Years

ADDENDA

The blackout and curfew restricted nighttime activities but I did manage to spend evenings with my honey by attending the Post Theater and visiting at her mother's house. There was a time or two we even took grandma to the movies with us. Some evenings were spent outdoors in the quiet hours of the curfew, under the cool moonlight just chatting away. The palm trees swaying in the moonlight enhanced those pleasurable moments. You may have noticed that I mentioned moonlit palms on another occasion when I described the activities of the MP Company at the Immigration Station. Yes, I was deeply moved by those rare and special times.

As you know, Mother qualified as a hula teacher. She was very graceful and adept at this art form. One day, she and others were to participate in a hula show for patients at the Schofield Hospital. I knew about it but she did not want me to see it. She was pretty adamant about it. Unbeknownst to her, I did manage to get some glimpses of her performance from the second floor lanai of the hospital.

Mother paid several visits to the company area and met the troops and officers. She was well thought of and well liked by all.

The need for a new chicken coop was the incentive for me to build one for Grandma Lee. Mongeese loved to eat chickens so coops had to be built on piles to forestall their rapacious nature.. The floor of the coop was of chicken wire to allow the droppings to fall to the ground. A portion of the coop was made as a storage area for the chicken feed and other items. The nesting bins were made with a slanted floor toward the storage area which allowed the eggs to roll gently into a collecting trough in the storage area. This simplified egg gathering and made the whole project of raising chickens a lot easier. Grandma Lee was very pleased with her new chicken coop.

Other acts such as painting the parlor and the interior of the house became part of the routine. The parlor was painted with whatever paint could be had, blue latex for the ceiling and pink latex for the walls. The exterior was painted a modest green. The interior painting was done with a three inch brush and took a long time to complete. I guess these acts helped endear me to Grandma Lee.. I was slowly being accepted as part of the family. This loving relationship eventually led to mother and I becoming engaged and to marry.

Mother finished her schooling and continued to work at Galloway's Pharmacy in Wahiawa. Japan surrendered in August 1945 to bring the second World War to a close. It was a time to wund down.

.INTRODUCTION

The Post War years opened on an important personal challenge, getting married. In addition to obtaining a license, blood tests and such, it was necessary to apply for permission from the military to get married. This had been a long standing army policy. This included an interview by both parties with an Army Chaplain who submitted a favorable recommendation. All of this was accomplished in time to conduct the wedding on November 17, 1945. It was later determined that this date was also my father's birthday. Florence's father's was November 15th. Through the contacts of one of our company personnel, we were able to obtain a wedding band and engagement ring set at a very reasonable cost.

Additionally, there were the changes in the structure of the military forces with the return from overseas areas of thousands of personnel resulting in deactivation of units, Air wings, decommissioning of ships, etc. Those units considered permanent were in constant change with personnel being transferred in and out. Adjustments were being made for return to peacetime conditions. This draw down occurred in the fall of 1945, shortly after the end of the war with Japan. Members of Company A, 762d Military Police Battalion who had consented to participate in our forthcoming marriage, left with the majority of the company deployed to the mainland United States for separation. I was fortunate to have some of the members who remained to consent to participate in our marriage.

It was at this stage that regular enlistment/reenlistments were re-instituted. I enlisted in the regular army and started a new overseas tour of duty though I remained in place. In the spring of 1946, military housing was re-opened for occupancy by qualified personnel. Since we qualified, mother and I moved into Quarters 53, Area A, Schofield Barracks.

(Intro.doc)

THE POST WAR YEARS

The start of the post World War II era was characterized by a period of upheaval and turmoil in the military sector. In my private life, it ushered in a period of peace, happiness and a sampling of the “good life” which continued on to the end of the decade.

The winding down of the war effort began with the defeat of Japan. There was a restructuring of the armed forces to meet the needs of a strategic defense and the support of occupational forces. Due to the clamor of the population as a whole to “bring the boys home”, a system of points was devised to control the orderly flow of GIs returning home from world-wide commitments. I believe it was one point for each month of service and a certain number of points for overseas service for a total of thirty points or more to establish eligibility for rotation to CONUS (Continental United States). I am not sure of it at this time.

The large scale departure of individuals left huge personnel shortages that made it difficult to continue with military commitments. Obviously, cutbacks were dictated. I can only speak from my overseas viewpoint since I did not serve in the continental United States during the war. Personnel in units with like missions and composition were consolidated which led to the inactivation of many units. There were constant changes in missions and in maintaining mission capabilities at all levels of command. It is felt that these same conditions existed in the other services as well.

Enlistments and re-enlistments in the Regular Army were reinstated in October 1945 to assist in the transition to a volunteer force to fill the gap created by the depletion of strength and to meet the requirements of an army in a regular peacetime operation. I took advantage of the opportunity because the enlistment bonus would help in our forthcoming marriage. Additionally, the sudden influx into the civilian sector of the returnees boded much competition for existing job opportunities. The enlistment was the start of a new tour of duty that allowed me, with extra years, to remain in Hawaii for about nine years. I reenlisted again in 1948 and 1951, the latter time just before my appointment as a Warrant Officer.

In early November 1945, about seventy-five percent of Company A, 762d MP Battalion were among the battalion personnel who were deployed back to stateside under the roll back. This included officers as well as enlisted personnel. I was not effected as I had just reenlisted and began a new tour of duty. The rollback had a devastating effect on the entity of the battalion and required reassessment of assigned missions. It brought an end to the three-year era of the 762d Military Police Battalion at Schofield Barracks as we knew it. Assignment of new personnel, many of local extraction, failed to infuse the unit with the same vitality experienced heretofore. This change also required me to reassess the composition of our forthcoming wedding party. The old timers, whom I had heavily counted on, were no longer available. For a short period of time, an Air Force Major served as the Provost Marshal. Later, a regular Army Major took over the Provost Marshal duties and the 762d MP Battalion was eventually moved from Quadrangle B to Quadrangle F, the Post Headquarters quadrangle.

The Post War Years

The Post Commander of Schofield Barracks took advantage of the NCO vacancies that existed in the battalion and assigned many individuals to it for the express purpose of having them promoted. The battalion wound up with a lot of personnel unqualified as military policemen. Some were of dubious qualification, as regular army holdovers in special service fields, for the grade to which they were being promoted. Most never even pulled any duty within the battalion. Eventually, the 762nd MP Battalion was deactivated in May 1947 and the remaining personnel were reassigned to the 517th Military Police Company or to the Headquarters Company of Schofield Barracks. There was a period of some shuffling personnel between these two units until some unit cohesiveness was achieved. I wound up with Headquarters Company. There were some attempts by pre-war “regulars” to return to the pre-war standards of military conduct and operations, to no avail. There was a new Army emerging.

In the transitional phases of reorganizing the Military Police unit, a Hawaii born Lieutenant was assigned to the unit as company commander. It eventually turned out that that officer was rarely seen in the company area and I, as First Sergeant, had the responsibility of maintaining the operations on a continuing basis. The officer casually showed up about once or twice a week to sign some papers. For some unfathomable reason, the Lieutenant was called before the Provost Marshal/Battalion Commander. In that session, the Lieutenant complained to the commander of my noncooperation with him on the operation of the company. I was called before the commander for a “dressing down” and to explain why I did not support the company commander. I informed him that I could not cooperate with a man I rarely saw. He was there early Monday morning and then wasn’t seen again until Friday. The Provost Marshal checked it out, sacked the company commander and later brought me in as Provost Sergeant. This was the start of a period that led to highly commendable comments by successive Provost Marshals about my daily performance of duty. I was the closest thing to being a Command Sergeant Major long before it’s inception into the enlisted grade structure. I was in a position to prove my worth and exercise my talents.

TIDAL WAVE (TSUNAMI)

In the early morning hours of April 1, 1946, a tidal wave (tsunami) struck the Hawaiian Islands without much warning. It caused considerable damage to the North Shore of the Island of Oahu among other places. The next day, we made an informal Military Police survey of the area and noted some of the damage that had occurred. Some houses were pushed from the beach area onto the main highway, blocking or partially blocking the right-of-way. We had no jurisdiction over the area so after a hurried trip we returned to the post. Mother and I later found out that our “honeymoon Cottage” at Kawela Bay was completely destroyed by the tidal wave. We felt saddened about it but made no effort to see the damaged area.

FORMAL GUARD MOUNT

An example of the attempt to return to pre-war standards in the military community occurred when the then designated Provost Marshal of Schofield Barracks made a side bet with his “drinking buddies” that, within a specified period of time, he could put on a formal guard mount, using the Military Police under his jurisdiction for that purpose. Formal guard mounts
Post War Years

were one of the oldest ceremonies in the Army and were normal procedure during the pre-war peacetime operations but were discontinued during the war. To my knowledge, the Army never did return to a pre-war normalcy of formal guard mounts -- such formations faded into the past along with the “brown shoe army”.

The Provost Marshal won his bet. I was the appointed Sergeant Major for the formation, he was the commander of troops. The Military Police Company provided the troops. After several practice “parades”, the formal guard mount was scheduled and conducted at the appointed time. A band is present for all formal guard mounts.

At the designated hour, the band and guard assembled on the parade field. The guard marched on under the control of the Sergeant Major who lined them up and conducts a preliminary inspection. He then turns the guard over to the Commander of Troops with the standard Sir. the guard is formed!” The commander then orders “prepare for inspection!” at which time the order “Open Ranks!” is given. The commander then inspects the troops accompanied by the Sergeant Major. After the inspection is completed, the ranks are closed and the Commander and Sergeant Major return to their positions. The commander then instructs the Sergeant Major to take your post!” which he does at the rear of the troops. The commander then orders “sound off!” which is the signal for the band to make its presence known by setting the beat and parading before the troops and Commander before returning to its position at the head of the parade. The Commander then gives the order to “Present Arms!” The troops respond with a right hand salute and the band plays the National Anthem since this is a morning formation. When the music is finished, the Commander orders “Order Arms!” and then “Pass in Review!” With that command, the band marches out playing an appropriate march and is followed by the troops. After the troops complete the pass in review they are marched to the guardhouse by the Sergeant Major for assumption of guard duties. In this instance, it was a simulated duty assignment as the primary purpose of the guard ,mount was a determination that it could be done. A number of spectators lined the balconies of the quadrangle to witness the ceremony. There could have been formal guard mounts after that episode at Schofield Barracks but I have no knowledge of them there or anywhere else.

AN EXECUTION

In the late forties, about 1947, a military execution was conducted at Schofield Barracks in which I voluntarily participated.

A young African-American soldier had been tried and convicted by military court-martial for murder and rape of a Post Exchange employee at another location. He was sentenced to death. He was committed to the Schofield Barracks Stockade while higher authority was reviewing his case, as regulations required. In capital crimes of this nature, successive higher authority

in the chain of command reviewed the case with the final decision resting with the President of the United States. The sentence was approved and the sentence of execution of death by hanging directed. A date for the execution was set.

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Although I was not directly involved, there was much preparation and coordination done beforehand. I was not directed to participate -- duties in connection with an execution are generally voluntary for the most part. I offered no objection when asked to perform certain duties in this affair. The Provost Marshal was mainly responsible for coordinating the event and for reading the results of the trial to the accused on the gallows. My duties were to escort the prisoner to the execution site in the Post Stockade area and to assist the doctor in his duties. Most of the activity in connection with the execution was security classified.

On the appointed day, a direct telephone line was kept open from the execution locale to US Army Pacific Headquarters. They, in turn, kept an open line directly to the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. On completion of the execution, Department of the Army would be responsible for notifying the next of kin and such others at the earliest possible moment.

The fateful day didn't appear to be different from any other day in Hawaii, but there was an added sense of somberness in our area because of the impending event. I do not recall the day of the week, or the appointed hour of the execution, not that it matters. I do know that it was a morning affair.

At a designated time, the Military Police paddy wagon and I picked up the prisoner who had been confined in solitary in an isolated cellblock in the "B" quadrangle. He was placed in the vehicle and I took up a position inside by the doors to be sure that nothing happened to him. I was not armed. There was little said between us. I am not too clear about what happened next after our arrival at the Post Stockade. By this I do not recall whether we went directly to the execution site or whether he was dropped off at the stockade and a guard was formed to escort him to the site.

The site was in a gully near the Post Stockade and was reached by an unpaved road into the area. The same locale was used for another execution which was accomplished by a firing squad. Details of this other execution escape me. I am not sure if it was done the same day as the one I participated in or at another day. I do recall that it was filmed and the film was a mandatory training film for all Military Police personnel, at least in the Islands.

The required participants and witnesses were already assembled in the area when we arrived. The gallows was the focus of attention. The hangman had completed his trial runs and was ready. He was a Military Policeman from Fort Shafter and was experienced in these matters. I knew of him because of my previous assignment to that company. Again, it was a voluntary duty with a pass being granted afterwards to compensate for the emotional stress.

The condemned soldier was assisted up the steps (13?) of the gallows and positioned on the trapdoor where his arms and legs were bound. The Provost Marshal then read the charges against the accused and the sentence handed down by the court. The accused was given an opportunity to say any last words and commune with the assigned Chaplain. The hood was then placed over his head and the noose properly positioned. At a signal, the trapdoor was

Post War Years

sprung and the prisoner became suspended. I was positioned at the bottom of the gallows and had the option of looking away or closing my eyes when the trap was sprung. I did just that. The prisoner did not appear to struggle as he hung there. After a period of time, the doctor stepped forward to examine the body to determine if death had occurred. He stepped back because the individual was still alive. After several more minutes, he again examined the prisoner and again stepped back as the person continued to show signs of life. The witnesses showed signs of discomfort because of the prolonged activity. Finally, after more than seventeen minutes, which is an unusually long time to accomplish a hanging, the doctor pronounced the man dead and that fact was communicated to higher authority.

With the pronouncement of death, the body was cut down, leaving the noose in place. I assisted in lowering the body onto the stretcher that was then carried to a waiting ambulance for disposition. The activity was terminated, all participants were dismissed. I do not recall my subsequent activities or if I was granted time off afterwards. I do remember that I did attend a showing of the training film mentioned above at a later date.

I have thought about this happening from time to time over the years. I don't think it affected me in any way as I looked upon it as a duty that had to be performed as an adjunct to my grade and position. However, I do not air my part or show any bravado over my participation.

QUARTERS INSPECTION

The assignment as Provost Sergeant put me in a position to be involved in a variety of duties. Among those duties was one requiring the Provost Marshal and me to accompany the Commanding general on periodic quarter's inspection tours. Regulations required commanders to perform regular inspections of quarters. Normally they do this on a visual inspection of the exterior area rather than an inspection of the interior. As recorder, I had to make notes on the outer appearance and publish the results that included "Yard of the Month" in each area. I was asked my opinion on occasion during these inspections. This activity continued through two different commanders and three Provost Marshals.

A PARADE

It must have been 1949 when a parade was held in Wahiawa for one of the holidays. General Ferenbaugh was the commander and led the parade down California Avenue and Kam Highway to the bridge over the Wahiawa reservoir where the parade was disbanded. I was in the front rank of the parade.

REGULATIONS

One of the special projects I had was a re-write of the post traffic regulations. I did so with a published booklet. I also kept statistical records of different offenses by units and passed the information down to the unit commanders.

Post War Years

BOWLING

During the post war years I participated in the regular unit bowling league as a member of the team called Cherry Pickers, representing the MP Company. We won the league championship a couple of times. The Post also had a team called the Redlanders in the Central Pacific Command league. I was the Post Bowling champion before we left Hawaii in 1950.

We made a couple of changes in the location of the Provost Marshal Office. My final stint was in the old Red Cross building near the Post Theater. My tour of duty at Schofield Barracks was coming to a close. When I enlisted in 1945, I started a new tour of overseas duty, normally three years. I received approval for two one-year extensions for a total tour of five years. Added to the four war years, I had a total assignment in Hawaii of nearly nine years. We received reassignment orders to Fort Holabird, Baltimore, Maryland, with a departure date in May 1950. We were scheduled to sail aboard the USNS Sgt. Mower for San Francisco. When he found out, Uncle Jacob decided to meet us at the debarkation point. Our car was shipped earlier to assure its availability at Oakland Army Base when we arrived at San Francisco.

As an afterthought, We left Hawaii in mid-May 1950; the Korean War broke out a month later in late June. Had I remained in Hawaii, I have no doubt that I would have been one of the early participants in that conflict because of the units deployed out of Hawaii for Korea.

Awards and Decorations -- Good Conduct Medal Clasp second award)
Various Letters of Recommendation.

(warend.doc)

ALOHA

In early 1950, the United States Army decided to terminate my five year tour of duty in Hawaii (it was the maximum) and reassigned me to Fort Holabird, Baltimore, Maryland. Arrangements were made to clear our quarters and ship our hold baggage, household goods and our car. The Transportation Service booked us to depart in May.

Our departure from Hawaii was not looked upon with any relish. I consider it the start of what I have titled as the Korea Era. I was leaving the Islands after almost nine years there. Mother and the children were leaving for the first time. It was quite an emotional time breaking away from the family, several of whom were at dockside to see us off. Grandma Lee was there, as were Aunt Mary, Gertie, Aunt Mabel and other family members and friends. They remained dockside though the decks of ship, the *Sergeant Mower* were alive with passengers and well-wishing guests contributing to the festive atmosphere. We were literally covered with leis. Billy, being bored and hungry, resorted to eating some of the flowers while we waited the final "all ashore who's going ashore". The Army Band played martial music and the Aloha Oe as we finally go under way.. It must have been about noontime. Later we found out that Grandma Lee had fainted after our departure and was treated at the scene by Army medics.

Our first sea voyage as a family was extremely uncomfortable. From the time we left Honolulu Harbor until such time as we arrived in San Francisco Bay, most of the passengers and crew suffered bouts of seasickness, several quite serious. The ship's chaplain, a veteran of twenty-two years at sea, was among those who suffered. The voyage was rough because of choppy seas and the fact that the *Sergeant Mower* was not a luxury class vessel. Billy, being so young, suffered the least for undetermined reasons. The ship's nurse, at times, had to see that he was bottle fed because Mom and I were not well enough to handle the task. Gwen too suffered the travails of seasickness.. The accommodations were spartan in the hold. What was supposed to be a crib for Gwen was so small that it could only be used by Billy. At the end of the voyage, we were refunded most of our ration money because of the number of meals missed. As we neared San Francisco, the stateroom turned extremely cold because the ventilator could not be turned off. A crew member finally sealed off the duct with some cardboard, lessening the discomfort. We arrived in San Francisco Harbor on Sunday night and had to lay to until the following morning to unload because the docks were closed. The dead calm of the bay allowed the first comfortable rest since our departure from Honolulu.

The next morning the ship moved to the docks at Fort Mason where we disembarked. We were met by Uncle Jacob who commented that we looked like a bunch of bedraggled refugees. A couple of passengers were so sick they had to be removed by stretcher. Uncle Jacob had reservations for us at a hotel but we were required to process out through Camp Stoneman. We were bussed there, about an hour's drive. After some bickering and concessions because of the lack of adequate facilities at Camp Stoneman, we were allowed

to proceed under our orders and we returned to San Francisco to join Uncle Jacob at the hotel.

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After the luxury of Hawaiian living and the esteem of my duties as Provost Sergeant of Schofield Barracks, the sea voyage and the accommodations of Camp Stoneman were quite a letdown. It might be noted at this time that air transportation had not yet been fully implemented and expanded. The next day I picked up our car at Oakland Army Terminal then returned to San Francisco where we loaded up for our trip across country. Uncle Jacob had been living in Los Angeles but decided to accompany us and was very helpful throughout the entire trip. We drove up through Redding, California on to Eugene, Oregon, where we stopped off to see Merle and Margaret. Their house was barely adequate and cooking was done on a wood burning stove.

After leaving Eugene, we proceeded on the route to McKenzie Pass. As we motored higher up the mountain, we saw signs indicating that the pass was closed due to snow. We disregarded those signs as being an oversight by maintenance personnel who failed to remove the signs. After all, it was the middle of May. We soon faced reality when we reached a point where we could go no further, the road was closed indeed because of snow. We turned around and headed back to Eugene to take a more southerly route (Oregon Route 58) to US Route 97, thence on to Bend. We were unaware of the all-weather pass to Sisters, Oregon.

We spent the night in Bend. The following day (Sunday ?) we set out for Burns, Oregon. About twenty miles out of Bend we experienced a strange accident. A front wheel split open resulting in a flat tire. Uncle Jacob was driving at the time. A portion of the flange on the wheel separated from the body of the wheel which caused the flat. We put on the spare tire and decided to return to Bend as we were dubious about making the trip across the desolate area of Eastern Oregon without a spare tire. Our quest for a new wheel and tire in Bend was unsuccessful as most businesses were closed and we could find no outlet for the purchase of the needed items. We had no other alternative but to proceed on our trip and trust that we would not need the spare tire. We were blessed because we arrived in Boise, Idaho without incident. We spent the night there and the following morning found a Chevrolet dealer where we purchased a new wheel and tire. We continued on our journey.

Our route took us to Yellowstone National Park, entering through the west gate. After a tour of the park's main attractions, we departed through the north gate as the other gates were closed due to snow. Departing through the north gate took us off our planned route. We traveled through Billings, Montana and Sheridan, Wyoming to get back on US route 20, our preselected route.

We visited Mount Rushmore that was in its infancy as a National Park (Monument). Access was on roads crudely built, one section looping over itself through a huge tree. There was no visitor's center in existence. We had to climb up an embankment to get a view of the sculptured mountain. Years later, a subsequent visit to this park revealed that these primitive accesses were eliminated and a modern visitor's center had been constructed.

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Aloha

From Rapid City, South Dakota, our route took us just south of Chicago where we stopped for the night. The highlight of this stopover was our visit to an Italian Restaurant. We were requested to don neck to floor length aprons to keep us clean while we ate the spaghetti. What a novel experience.

We continued on to Pittsburgh and the Pennsylvania Turnpike. In those days, the eastern terminus of the turnpike was at Carlisle. From there we took US Route 11 along the Susquehanna River to Kingston.. Our arrival coincided with the Memorial Day celebration. As was the custom, Main Street was lined with flags on staffs in front of the businesses for the holiday. We spent some time visiting with the Supulski Family getting acquainted prior to my reporting to Fort Holabird, Baltimore, Maryland. The week or ten days that Uncle Jacob spent with the family in Pennsylvania, he stayed with Uncle Ernie and Aunt Bussie. After his visit, he returned to Los Angeles by bus.

(aloha.doc)

TWO FORTS

Rather than have separate chapters on the two forts in this section, I have decided to consolidate and discuss them under the heading of Two Forts because of the change in status and the change in living styles associated with each fort. However, each fort will be summarized under its own heading.

FORT HOLABIRD

My delay enroute in Pennsylvania soon ended and we proceeded to Fort Holabird where we found an apartment in Essex, a suburb east of Baltimore. On arrival, I reported in and received a check for my pay and travel allowances. I had trouble cashing the check at one of the local banks because we had no account there. We finally received approval after discussing our situation with the bank manager. We cashed our checks and had the means to meet our needs for food and housing.

We had a lot of work to do on the apartment to upgrade it. We were busy unloading and moving in when an insurance agent came calling and tried to pressure us into buying some insurance. I tried to convince him to come back at a later date, when we could have been more receptive, instead of during the turmoil of our settling in. Finally, to get rid of him, I agreed to take out some insurance, he offered to pay the first month's premium. After the month was up, he returned with a policy, beaming with pleasure. I immediately rejected the policy and took a firm stand against the transaction. He was crestfallen and lost the first month's premium, but I felt no remorse. If he had acceded to our wishes to return at a later date, instead of pressurizing us when we were moving in, we might have taken out the insurance.

Life soon turned routine and I commuted back and forth to work. I was assigned to the Fort Holabird Adjutant General's Section in charge of the message center and mail room operations. We had a couple of WAACs and civilian workers there. This was my first experience with female soldiers. The post office was located across the hall from the message center. I was responsible for maintaining a postage account. Though the Intelligence Center was located at Fort Holabird, our activity had nothing to do with their operations other than normal housekeeping connections. During this time, I, as well as others, was required to appear before a review board to determine if we should retain our primary MOS (Military Occupational Specialty) or be reclassified into another field. I retained mine which was Administrative NCO. I was also considered for an overseas assignment even though I just had recently returned from a nine year stint. There was an overage of NCOs at the time. These actions indicate some of the restructuring going on in the Army then. I am reminded of the fact that an enlisted soldier entered the Army at Fort Holabird and spent his entire thirty years working in the same warehouse. Eventually, things quieted down and settled into a normal pattern.

Two Forts

During this period, the Army was revising procedures for controlling the amount of files and paperwork generated in administering to the needs of the service. Procedures were set up setting time limits on file retention. Posts were required to establish Records Holding Areas for the storage of files with long term retention. A Lieutenant and I were given the responsibility for activating the Fort Holabird Records Holding Area for retention of files of the Post and other tenant units. Since this was a “new” procedure there was some reluctance on the part of tenant units to participate. We gathered long-term files and stored them in footlockers piled on backs to allow access to the files. Eventually, most of the work and operation fell on my shoulders and I was commended for my performance of duty. The inception of computerization has since superseded such operations.

Time passed quickly. We made various weekend trips around the area which included visits to Mount Vernon and the outskirts of Annapolis. In the season, we visited Washington, D.C. at cherry blossom time. Once we stopped for gasoline in Essex when a severe thunderstorm broke out when mother and I were in the station paying the bill. The children stayed in the car and became agitated when the heavy rains prevented us from getting to the car. Though we could see each other, the conditions troubled the children to tears. We made up for it later.

Grandma Supulski came down for a few days visit while we were located here. There was nothing memorable about it other than the fact she came.

Mother had her first experience with the severe cold of winter. One day when the temperature was low and conditions dry, she was hanging clothes in the back yard when her damp hands came in contact with the cold, bare clothes line wire. This caused instant “bonding” which startled her. The situation was soon corrected and a valuable lesson was learned.

It was here that Gwen started her schooling and was enrolled in the Montebello School, one of the schools specializing in tutoring the most promising students.

In August or September of 1951, I was urged by my superiors to apply for a Warrant Officer appointment. The Army had just opened a new period to expand the Warrant Officer program. I was notified in December that I was accepted and received my appointment. A Brigadier General Gallagher pinned on my bars. Minutes later I received my first salute as an officer and, as was customary, parted with a dollar bill. With my appointment, I was assigned to the Ohio Military District in Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, and would proceed thereto. A quick job of packing and shipping of household goods transpired while I attempted to obtain a few days leave enroute. We had lived in quarters on Fort Holabird only about two months when I received my orders for Fort Hayes. Fort Hayes was unaware of my assignment which delayed our receipt of authorized leave. It was all sorted out and we made our way to Columbus, Ohio, posthaste.

Two Forts

FORT HAYES

Fort Hayes was a small, old post not far from the downtown center of Columbus, seemingly of Civil War vintage. It was not an active army post. It was mainly used by the reserve elements and served as Headquarters of the Ohio Military District.

After checking in, we found a place to live in East Columbus while waiting for quarters on Fort Hayes. I was assigned duties as Administrative Assistant to the Provost Marshal and had the responsibility for the proper preparation and execution of various forms and correspondence in connection with the Army Apprehension Program as well as other lesser programs. The Military Districts in those days were responsible for administering and executing the apprehension program in their state. We had detachments in Cincinnati and Cleveland to facilitate the processing of our responsibilities. The Military Police were required to seek out and apprehend soldiers absent without leave (AWOL) within the state and to receive and collect soldiers apprehended by the civilian police for being AWOL, or for other infractions of the laws. The civilian authorities were compensated for apprehending AWOL soldiers. The prisoners were collected and bussed weekly, under guard, to an Army Post in Kentucky for disposition. This process required considerable paperwork and coordination, sometimes requiring more than a hundred of my signatures. Our operations were conducted in a building beside the main gate to Fort Hayes.

One of the first things we had to do, after arriving at Fort Hayes, was to obtain a supply of calling cards. I was referred to a Mister Jack Thomas, a printer who conducted his business at his home in the western part of Columbus. We took a liking for each other and developed a friendship with him and his wife Stella which will be detailed later.

A few months later, in March 1952, we were assigned to Quarters Number 22 on the post. The officer's quarters were huge duplexes, symbolic of the buildings of the post Civil War era. The ground floor had a foyer and receiving hall, a huge parlor, an equally large dining room, a butler's pantry and an expansive kitchen. Fireplaces were located in the parlor and dining room. From the kitchen, a servant's stairway was available which led to both the upper floors and to the basement and rear exit. The main stairway to the upper floors was located in the receiving hall. The second floor had two bedrooms, equal in size to the parlor and dining room below. Each had its own fireplace also. A smaller bedroom (Billy's) was located over the kitchen. The service stairway exited here and continued up to the third floor servants quarters. A hallway, a bath room and another small room which was located over the foyer and receiving hall completed the layout of this floor. This small room was used as a TV room and had an army cot in it. The servant's quarters on the third floor had a kitchen area, a large living room, a bedroom and a bath room. We seldom used this area. The basement was dungeon-like, dirty and dark, except for one room which was whitewashed and used as a clothes drying area and playroom. The furnace had an automatic stoker and consumed coal to heat the house. The furnace was tended to by Post Engineer personnel.

Two Forts

Our quarters was a very short walk from the Officer's Club where periodic socials were held. I was assigned additional duties as Class VI Officer and had to account for all the liquor at the club. When my account was closed out, I received a commendation from the auditor. The dispensary was an equally short walk in the opposite direction. When the children needed "shots" mother called ahead and sent the children on their own to the dispensary, which called back on completion of the action. The commissary was located at the Air Force Base a few miles south of Columbus.

More serious medical problems were resolved at other nearby military installations. One winter night, Billy was sick and I took him to the medics at Columbus General Depot in eastern Columbus. The nurse on duty tried to extract some blood from his arm while I held him in my lap. She had difficulty in getting the needle into the vein and continuously tried for almost half an hour before succeeding. Billy was screaming and crying all the time this was going on. Further details escape me but I do recall afterwards that on the way home, to compensate for the rough treatment, I stopped at a railroad siding and allowed Billy to enter an empty box car. He got a kick out of that.

I had a case of water on the left knee and had to go to the Air Force Base medical facility south of Columbus. I believe the name of the base was Lockbourne AFB. The doctor inserted a needle into the knee and drained fluid out. The knee felt strange and dry for awhile afterwards. I had no further problems of this nature.

It was at Fort Hayes that we were exposed to the finer social aspects of military life. It was good indoctrination in social behavior. We had to start out by obtaining calling cards and being prepared to receive callers. As it worked out, we had no "official" callers. The beer cans in the frig showed signs of rust, the hard stuff just mellowed. I have already mentioned

the socials at the Officer's Club. One Christmas season, a couple of officers hosted a "come as you are" breakfast. They came knocking on the door early in the morning to pick us up, children included, and drive us to the party. You supposedly went in the "dress" you wore at the time they woke you up. Of course there was some hedging but it was a nice party. I never realized that people drank liquor that early in the morning. Another time we had a round-robin party (grown ups only), starting with cocktails and hors d'oeuvres at one house. Afterwards we went to another house for entree buffet and finally coffee and dessert at still another house. It was a delightfully strange experience.

There were the usual Easter Egg hunts and other activities such as Halloween "Trick or Treat" for the entertainment of the children. Mother will have to tell you the story of one of her trick or treat experiences. Her embellishment of the story will be more enjoyable than any printed recounting of the tale. Gwen continued to be channeled into accelerated learning groups. We made a couple of all day drives to Kingston for family gatherings -- Uncle Mack and Aunt Martha both had weddings in 1952. At a time I cannot recall, my Uncle Joe (my mother's brother) and my brother Charles stopped by enroute from Kingston

Two forts

to the Milwaukee area. We also had a late night visit by a Warrant Officer friend and his family (wife and 3 children) whom we accommodated by setting up cots in the dining room.

While reading the newspaper one day, I read an article about Joe Harrell, a former member of our military police unit at Schofield Barracks. He was working as Director (or deputy, I don't recall which) of the State of Ohio Liquor Control Board. A phone call to him reestablished "old ties" and fed a growing friendship. He invited us to dinner at one of the city's finer restaurants one Sunday. It was there Billy ordered "bear meat with the fur on it", a play on his fondness for Daniel Boone, then a favorite TV show. He had to settle for a hamburger. There were other social contacts until he suddenly and inexplicably resigned his position and he left town. We did maintain contact with him through correspondence which

later led us to a Maine vacation and the purchase of some land he owned in Robin Hood area of Georgetown, Maine.

A year after we got to Fort Hayes, the commander recommended me for early promotion to Chief Warrant Officer. It was not favorably considered by Department of the Army. It was a nice gesture and testimonial which pleased me.

I had remarked earlier that we struck up a friendship with Jack and Stella Thomas and frequently visited them at their home. We had them to our home also, particularly one Christmas when we had a special celebration. Behind their house a small stream ran past their property and carved itself about a four foot deep channel. We had cautioned Gwen and Billy about playing near this stream. During one of our visits, we were alerted by Gwen's screams about Billy falling into the creek bed. It took only a short jump down to "rescue" him, he was hugging the bank. Fortunately, the creek water was low and there was no serious consequences. Of course the episode was followed by some chastisement and we never had to caution the children about the stream again. Some months later, Jack and Stella moved to another house a few blocks away.

Jack was a former minor magician who entertained people at various functions. Stella was his assistant. They gave it up when they went into the printing business. They liked to help people of less fortunate means. One time they were instrumental in collecting a huge amount of clothing and linens which they sent to flood victims in Kentucky. As a result of this generous action, they were both appointed honorary Kentucky Colonels by the governor of Kentucky. Later, when they moved to Pasadena, California, their house was located almost on the Rose Bowl Parade route. They invited underprivileged children to view the parade from their front yard. They fed the children with hot chocolate and cookies and Jack entertained them with magic tricks while waiting for the parade to begin.

Jack and Stella had a white Belgian Shepherd dog named Duke. Duke became Billy's protector. Gwen was more fearful of the dog though she was under the dog's protection also. If I made any sudden moves against Billy, Duke would come to me to let us know he

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did not approve of my actions. Therefore, it was difficult to discipline Billy while Duke was around. One day when Billy was playing in the back yard with Duke, a telephone lineman who had been up a pole making repairs, couldn't come down because Duke made such a fuss about him being there. The pole, incidentally, was only about a foot away from the fence outside the yard. Duke had to be taken indoors in order to allow the repairman to descend from the pole. Knowing Jack and Stella provided us with a very enjoyable interlude during our stay at Fort Hayes and Columbus, Ohio.

It was May 3, 1953, when Milisa Kim Lee suffered a stroke which incapacitated her and restricted her activities. She never was able to fully recover from this "accident".

It was decided that mother would make the trip to Hawaii. When the airline was contacted, they had difficulty in determining the cost of the flight as they never sold a round trip ticket to Hawaii before. We wanted to send a telegram advising the family in Hawaii that mother was coming home. The telegraph people were confused as they thought it would take two days for a message to get to Hawaii, believing it would have to be routed through Japan. While mother was gone, Billy stayed at Jack and Stella's. Gwen went to school where the principal combed her hair. After school she stayed with me at the office until quitting time.

Mother had a red tag pinned to her clothing to identify that she was traveling under emergency conditions and would receive special treatment. She first flew to St. Louis, Missouri, where she transferred to a TWA flight to Los Angeles. As they were flying over the Rockies, the plane wobbled and mother noticed the wings were iced over and one of the four motors had quit operating. A gentleman sitting next to her arose and went to the stewardess, showing an ID and entered the cockpit. On his return, he explained to mother that everything was okay -- was she frightened? Mother replied in the negative saying that she was close to heaven. They continued to converse. The flight would be delayed but she could still make her connection for the flight to Hawaii. They served filet mignon but mother didn't feel like eating. The gentleman was solicitous and revealed that he was a TWA Inspector traveling incognito. After about a nine hour flight they arrived in Los Angeles safely. There she met Uncle Jacob and they traveled together overnight to Hawaii on a United flight. This segment of the trip took nine hours also.

After seeing Milisa at the hospital, they went up house. Doctor Wee gave mother a tranquilizer. After not eating the previous day, the tranquilizer knocked her out. Margaret was there with Terry. Mother stayed there for two weeks and started her return trip on May 23. She stayed with Uncle Jacob in Los Angeles before returning to Columbus about May 25. While in Los Angeles she toured Sunset Boulevard and Grauman's Chinese Theater. She met Aunt Sara for the first time.

Two Forts

I attempted a compassionate transfer to Hawaii which was unsuccessful. It was not long afterwards that I received notice of my reassignment to Korea. I was permitted to move my family to Hawaii where they stayed with and cared for Milisa. Peter and his sons, of necessity, lived with Milisa at this time also.

It was sometime in the summer of 1953 that a straight line storm struck Fort Hayes, knocking down a great number of the old trees and cause other damage as well. It was a scary time for some.

Preparations were made for our departure from Fort Hayes in early February, 1954. Prior to doing so, we made another trip to Pennsylvania for a family visit. Jack and Stella were very disconsolate about our departure. We loaded the Chevrolet and proceeded west on US Route 40 to Indianapolis and St. Louis. From there we picked up US Route 66 to Springfield, Missouri, and Tulsa, Oklahoma. The Turner Turnpike took us to Oklahoma City. It was US 66 again to Amarillo, Albuquerque, Gallup and Flagstaff. As it coincided with Florence's birthday, for a present, we made a quick trip to the Grand Canyon. Then it was off to Needles, The Mojave Desert, Barstow and finally Los Angeles. After a short visit with Uncle Jacob, we proceeded up Highway 101 to San Francisco. We checked in at Fort Mason, San Francisco, on the 11th of February. The next day we took our car into the city to sell it. Most places were closed because of Lincoln's birthday. We did manage to dispose of the car but for less than anticipated. The next couple of days we spent touring the area to include Fisherman's Wharf.

We departed San Francisco, 15 February 1954, aboard the USNS General Patrick for Honolulu. After an uneventful trip we arrived in Honolulu on the 20th day of February. Little can be said about the enjoyable delay enroute I had before departing for Korea.

(2forts.doc)

KOREA

I was scheduled to depart from Hickam Field, Hawaii, on March 23, 1954. It was my first airplane flight yet I felt no trepidations. The plane was a four motor Constellation, one of the most reliable planes of the day. I am not sure of the name of the airline. We made a refueling stop at Midway Island, granting me my first exposure to the gooney bird which posed a problem for the Naval personnel operating the base. We continued on to Haneda AFB in Japan, arriving at about 1030 hours on March 25, 1954, crossing the International Date Line enroute. It was this flight that served as the basis for my fairy story which I wrote for our children later. A copy of that story is an addenda to this discourse.

I was processed at Camp Drake with orders to report for three weeks schooling at the Eta Jima Specialist School on Ie Shima (near Kure) Japan. Ie Shima is an island in the Inland Sea of Japan and was the site of a former Japanese Naval Training Base. We traveled by train from Tokyo, through Yokohama and Osaka, to Kure. There we took a boat ride to Ie Shima. It was at this time that I took up a friendship with a Captain Lugtu, a US Officer of Philippine ancestry. At the Eta Jima Specialist School, we received CBR training in preparation for our assignment to Korea. During one of our free weekends, Captain Lugtu and I took a train ride to Hiroshima, the site of the first atomic bomb dropped in World War II. The ground zero target building was clearly discernible. Before me, the desolation of the destructive force was quite evident. I was deeply impressed. Turning away from the sight, I was further impressed by the new Hiroshima, the reconstructed city rising from the ruins. Great progress had been made up to that time. With the completion of our training, we were shipped by train from Kure along the Inland Sea, past Miya Jima, through Shimonoseki, through the tunnels under the strait to Fukuoka, then on to Sasebo.

At Sasebo, we were processed for travel to Korea. We departed aboard the USNS General Weigel bound for Inchon, Korea via the Yellow Sea. Incidentally, the sea was appropriately named because of the hint of yellow coloring in the water's sheen. The extreme tides and mud flats at Inchon required anchorage off shore. We were off-loaded onto LST's which transported us to dockside. I had some difficulty because I had two fully packed duffle bags to carry. We were then trucked to Seoul. I lost contact with Captain Lugtu on arrival in Korea.

I cannot create any mental images of processing at Seoul, probably at Kimpo Air Base, though I do know that I was put on a train to Chunchon. That trip turned out to be a long, torturous trip of about 12 miles per hour. The seats were hard wooden benches and the trip almost triple the time considered normal. Before boarding, I was given a can of "C" rations. As it turned out, I had no way of opening the can. After that experience, I always made sure that I had one of those small "C" ration can openers in my pocket. I arrived in Chunchon very tired and hungry.

Korea

I do not know how it is today, but in those days, on arrival in country, it was immediately noticeable that Korea had its own peculiar odor. This was caused by the general usage of “night soil” as fertilizer. “Honey buckets” were used in the collection of this product for dispersal. For this reason, we were cautioned about consuming any locally grown products that came in contact with the ground. Tree grown products were acceptable.

From Chunchon, I was flown to Inje, north of the 38th parallel and not too far from the Korean east coast. This was my first flight in those old T-21(?) small two-seater reconnaissance planes nicknamed “The Grasshopper”. I was assigned to the 73d Engineer Battalion which was part of the 19th Engineer Brigade, X Corps area of Kwando Ri. My duties were as Personnel Officer.

The Inje area was austere for obvious reasons. Our camp was composed of tents with plenty of heavily chlorinated P-tubes (outdoor urinals) scattered about. As near peace-time conditions existed, there was nothing much going on outside of our regular military duties. Officer of the Guard was one of those detailed duties not eagerly awaited. In the rainy (monsoon) season, it was not pleasant tromping around the hills in knee deep mud and checking the guard posts.

There were many transitional changes going on because of the close of hostilities and the peace negotiations. One of them was the reassignment of the 73rd Engineer Battalion from the 19th Engineer Brigade to the 32d Engineer Brigade. With this reassignment, our unit was moved to the Chunchon area near the confluence of the Han River and the Soyang Gang. Shortly thereafter I was made the Personnel Officer of the 32d Engineer Brigade.

I had a mild case of hepatitis and was put on bed rest for a couple of days. I befriended one of our Korean houseboys by helping him with his English. When I left the 73d Engineer Battalion, he wrote me a letter and a couple of poems, Copies of which have been included as addenda. I took up “paint by the numbers” and completed several kits during my tour. I also bought our first movie camera which I used to document some views of Korea. These views were included in our home movies collection.

Korea was very hot in the summer but the fall was very pleasant and dry. It was the harvest season. We had several officers who went hunting, furnishing us a diversionary treat of pheasant in the Officer’s Mess a couple of times.

Our tour of duty in country in those days was 15 or 16 months, I’m not sure which. After six months we were eligible and authorized seven days R&R (Rest and Recuperation) in Japan. I got mine in late October 1954. It was a light plane flight to Kimpo AFB and then a larger craft flew us to Tokyo. It was timely as I was able to accomplish all my Christmas shopping on that trip. Steak and eggs for breakfast at a decent hotel run by the Post Exchange was easy to take. The shopping trips, in addition to the Post Exchange unit

in the hotel, were to local shops nearby. The hotel was located reasonably close to the Imperial Palace and the Ginza, both of which were observed on sight-seeing trips. On my return to Korea, it was appropriate that I penned the Santa letter to the children. It too is an addenda to this chapter.

During the Christmas Season, we entertained a group of Korean orphans by giving them gifts and feeding them. I have no knowledge of the orphanage and assume it was located in

Chunchon, possibly associated with the Korean Catholic Church that was sponsored by several senior Catholic officers of the brigade. The graveyard of the church contained the Burial sites of three Priests martyred during the Korean conflict.

It wasn't long before the cold, bone chilling winds out of Siberia descended on the peninsula and staying indoors was the sensible thing to do. Guard duty was the exception. Since guard posts had to be checked periodically during the night, one needed to be well-clothed to accomplish that duty. It felt cold no matter how well you were dressed. The rivers froze over providing the populace with easier access to river crossing. With the monsoons, these same rivers were almost impassable because of flooding. Bridges were a scarcity.

We had some problems with thefts in the night. Local young civilians, called "slickie boys", would stealthily enter the sleeping areas and make off with a footlocker or two of personal belongings without disturbing the sleeping occupants. We had to be on the alert for unauthorized personnel in the area.

My delayed promotion to Chief Warrant Officer Two finally came through at the end of January 1955. I had good rapport with the brigade commander. The brigade received orders of inactivation in March and I was reassigned to Headquarters 8th Army Special Troops and Headquarters Seoul Military Post in Yong San, Seoul. Prior to my departure, I was granted a Korean brass tea set that had been given to the brigade by the Korean Government. I have no details on when or why the set was given to the brigade. I had put in a bid for the set when the news of the inactivation came in and disposition of property was initiated. The brigade commander condescended to my request which gave me "title" to the tea set.

At Yong San, I was assigned duties as Assistant Adjutant, Seoul Military Post, along with several additional duties as is normal in military units. There was nothing exciting or noteworthy happening during this phase of my tour in Korea. My living quarters were in a hooch with three other officers. One of them was a young Engineer Lieutenant who had access to a jeep. Lieutenant Brown and I teamed up on some weekend trips. One of our trips took us to the burial site of a former king, which also had a summer palace, located somewhere east of Seoul. In addition, there was a memorial type of structure and a double line of stone animals and figures which bordered the main pathway up to the Summer Palace. Another trip took us to the Palace grounds and zoo in the city. Home movies of

these visits are in our collection. Movies were also made of a representative of the Winchester Rifle Company as he demonstrated his prowess with the weapon. There was

Korea

also a Memorial Day wreath laying ceremony and parade. On these travels, I was able to see some of the ravages of the war in the area and the reconstruction efforts being made.

I received word through the Red Cross in June that Florence was ill and I was granted emergency leave for thirty days in Hawaii. Since my tour of duty in Korea was curtailed, I left without new assignment orders. I left by plane to Tokyo where I was processed and scheduled for a flight to Hawaii with a refueling stop at Midway Island.

THE ERA ENDS

In Hawaii, I found out that Florence had been ill for several months from unknown causes. Her general condition was steadily declining despite repeated doctor visits. We continued various visits to doctors for upper GI and other tests. It was mystifying as nothing showed up. Finally, on the recommendation of one of the doctors, she was admitted to Queens Hospital for further tests. An exploratory tube was inserted in her esophagus where an ulcer was discovered. This ulcer was not revealed in previous X-rays because the coating action of the barium solution used. With the diagnosis of ulcerated esophagus, she was discharged and prescribed medication to coat the esophagus one half hour prior to meals. This solution to the problem occurred near the end of my leave time.

It was at this time that I received my reassignment orders to the US Army War College, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. Arrangements were made for transportation from Hawaii and for a 45 day delay enroute in Kingston. Because of the illness problem I was able to secure air transportation for our movement to the continental United States in July. We left Hickam AFB for Travis AFB, California. It was our first flight as a family.

The Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco served as a memento of our travels. We were destined to sail under it, fly over it and drive on it. We sailed under it on the USNS Sgt Mower in 1950 returning from Hawaii and again on the USNS General Patrick on our voyage to Hawaii in 1954. Now we fly over it at night on this leg of the journey to Carlisle Barracks. The drive over it is mentioned below.

As we had disposed of our car in San Francisco prior to our departure for Hawaii and my assignment in Korea, a thrift plan was initiated by Florence while I was in Korea to enable us to purchase a new, black 1955 Pontiac (later dubbed Black Panther) for delivery in San Francisco. After we picked up the car we experienced some difficulty in obtaining car insurance. Our previous insurer didn't want to insure us because of the pending cross country trip. We had no other alternative but to make the trip uninsured. Fortunately, we

made the trip without incident. Needless to say that we made it a point not to do any more business with our former insurer.

Our first destination was Los Angeles to visit Brother Jacob. Thanks to him, we had our first visit to Disneyland prior to its official opening. The short visit soon ended and we

Korea

proceeded back up to San Francisco on US 101. This time we drove over the Golden Gate Bridge along the coastal highway on our way to visit Margaret and Merle in Richland, Washington. We traveled to Eureka and the giant redwood forest. At Redwood National Park, we saw some of the attractions - Paul Bunyon, Brave the blue ox, etc - which we captured on our home movies. From there we headed inland to Oregon, through Bend, on the way to Richland.

After visiting the Masses, we headed for Pennsylvania, taking one of the most northern routes in the United States, Route US2, which we picked up in Spokane. From Spokane, we went to Kalispell, Montana, and visited the Hungry Horse Dam site, which was receiving its final construction work. Then it was on an inspiring tour through Glacier National Park, on through North Dakota to Bimiji, Minnesota. A visit to the amusement area and the Paul Bunyon exhibit provided a respite. Visits to these various places are included in our home movies.

As we proceeded on this route, we experienced some difficulty in obtaining motel space in Wisconsin one day because of a convention in the Iron Mountain area. We had to continue driving until almost 1:00 AM when we finally found a place about to close for the night way out in the boondocks. This motel consisted of converted Quonset huts. Our route took us through Duluth and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. A ferry trip across the Straits of Mackinaw to Mackinaw City made us feel like seasoned sailors. A bridge has since replaced this ferry service across the straits. We left Route US 2 and headed for Columbus, Ohio, where we had a joyous reunion with Jack and Stella before we got to the Pennsylvania Turnpike on the way to Kingston.

At Kingston, we had an extended vacation until the end of August 1955. My leave terminated and I headed for Carlisle while the family stayed in Kingston. This brought to a close the period I have titled as the Korean Era.

AWARDS: National Defense Service Medal
Korean Service Medal
Two overseas bars

Korea Addenda

Hello Gwen and Billy Boy:

April 1954

I know you have been good since daddy has been away so I want to tell you a story that I promised.

This is a story of the colored fairies in the sky that daddy saw when he was flying from Hawaii to Japan. This was high in the sky, even higher than the clouds. That morning daddy woke up real early before the sun woke up and looked out the window. There in the sky he saw the beautiful colors being painted by the good fairies. Now you know you can't see the fairies but you can see the work they do. Well, there were green fairies who painted green and blue fairies who painted blue and yellow fairies and pink fairies, they were all busy painting the sky with their magic colors to let everybody know the sun was coming up. Some of the fairies would go this way, and some would go that way and daddy watched while they worked. It looked like this

Suddenly the sun started to peak above the clouds. The fairies moved so fast to hide that they left bright streaks in the sky. These streaks slowly faded away as the sun shyly awoke and poked his head above the clouds and he smiled as if he was pleased with the beautiful painting the fairies had done. Now Daddy knew where the fairies were hiding because right in the edge of the clouds he could see the bright colored lights the fairies made. In a few minutes the fairies disappeared and went home to bed until they were called again to paint the sky with their magic colors. And the sun smiled brightly to let all the children know that he was happy with the wonderful work done by the good fairies. The sun was happy and kind of laughing too because he saw some funny looking clouds when he woke up. There was one like this he looked just like a papa seal sitting in his rocking chair

Another cloud looked like a fluffy white puppy dog who was happy and wanted to play with the children

Korea Addenda

And there were many other types of clouds that made the sun happy that day. And because he was happy and smiled so brightly, all the children were happy because there was plenty of bright warm sunshine to run and play in as God had intended it to be so the children could grow strong and healthy.

Here's a kiss for you Gwen and for Billy. Daddy has to say so long for now. I'll see you later. Be good and listen to Mommy and take care of her until I come home.

Daddy

(koreaDoc)

CARLISLE

Carlisle is the county seat of Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. Cumberland County is a fertile valley between the Blue (Kittatiny) Mountain on the north and the South Mountain on the south. The height of the Blue Mountain offered a beautiful extended view from advantage points of the valley below. One such point was known as Waggoner's Gap. The Yellow Britches Creek, a well-known trout stream, flowed south of Carlisle near the community of Carlisle Springs, which at one time was a fashionable resort. The Conedoquinet Creek flowed north of Carlisle. Several covered wooden bridges spanning the creek still existed during our sojourn at Carlisle.

Carlisle is a nice town, established early in the history of Pennsylvania. It is the home of Carlisle Barracks, an old and continuously operated Army post, Dickinson College, several fine church structures. Molly Pitcher, a legendary heroine of the Revolutionary War is buried in a cemetery here. A monument honoring her is situated at the burial site. The Masland Rug Company and a shoe factory were among the industrial establishments. The Pennsylvania Dutch people conducted a Farmer's Market just south of town. A hat shop not far from the barracks was the source of many fine hats mother wore. Back then it was fashionable for women to wear hats. The Fraternal Order of Eagles is still located on East High Street. I continue to maintain my membership with this organization. Back then I bowled with one of the teams of the Eagle's League in which we won the championship three years in a row. In the fall, the foliage colors added to the beauty of the area. One short street, a block or two away from where we lived was lined with sugar maple trees. The bright yellow fall colors on these trees made an impressive view.

In early September 1955, I left the family in Pennsylvania and motored to Carlisle Barracks to check on housing. There was none available on the post so it was necessary to seek housing on the civilian economy. Even there a shortage of available housing existed. I was fortunate to find a place at 714 West Louther Street, about two miles from the barracks. Florence and the children remained in Kingston during this search. The children started school as the school term in Pennsylvania commenced after the Labor Day holiday. Since I had located a potential living space, Florence came down by bus so we could check on the house. After her arrival, we were having lunch at a diner when a gentleman nearby struck up a conversation. During this friendly chitchat the name Leonard Supulski came up. When I responded that Leonard was my brother, the gentleman almost fell off his stool. It turned out that he was the uncle of June Lutz who had been married to my brother for a short time before he lost his life.

We looked over 714 West Louther Street, that was a remodeled former house of the owners, Ike and Martha Lewis, who lived next door. The one family house was remodeled into three apartments, two on the ground floor and one on the second floor. Our apartment, which we accepted, was the larger of the downstairs apartments. It had a kitchen, living room and dining room. We converted the dining room into our bedroom. A garage had been converted into a bedroom, which became Gwen's bedroom. A pull

Carlisle

down hidden stairway in a short hall led to an area converted into a small bedroom, which became Billy's room. A bathroom led off the short hallway. The back door opened off the kitchen. The regular bedroom area of the house was converted into an apartment separated from us by a locked door. A basement was available through a stairway in our apartment and a slope, which led to an outside entrance. An area of the basement was used as a work area where I did repair work and stored some items. The basement could be used for drying clothes during inclement weather. With the acceptance, Florence returned to Kingston to await the final word on the apartment. In due time, I drove up to Kingston to bring the family down and get moved in.

The upstairs apartment was occupied by a Dickinson College Professor (Frogen) and his mother. We could hear her clumping back and forth as she broke in a new pair of shoes. The professor strangely swatted flies outdoors in the summer. When they moved out, Blanche Turner and her daughters moved in. In time, they moved out and the Nelson's moved in. They had a young child for whom Gwen baby-sat. A car salesman and his wife occupied the apartment next door to us. When they moved out, Miss Wenger moved in and stayed for a couple of years. More about her later. When we left, a young Jewish couple occupied this apartment. The wife was from Carbondale, Pennsylvania. She invited us to her parent's home on one occasion. In addition to the Lewis's, our immediate neighbors were the Lighter's next door and the Meuller's across the street. Ike Lewis was a semiretired painter employed at the Mechanicsburg Naval Depot. He dabbled in art using ordinary house paints. We have one of his paintings. A school-teacher of Spanish lived above the Lighters. A shoe factory was located in an area to the rear of this house. The children walked to school, there was no school busing in those days.

We made several trips north to Kingston while we lived in Carlisle, mostly for Christmas. We usually took a short cut over the mountains and back roads to Duncannon where the route (US11) took us up along the river to Kingston, taking about three and a half-hours. One time on the way back from Kingston, when about halfway, we ran into a snowstorm. For the next several hours we struggled against the storm and hazardous driving conditions as the icy roads were hardly discernible in places. By good fortune, we arrived in Carlisle safely, though exhausted, after nightfall. Later we decided not to make the Christmas trips to Kingston. The children were older and wanted our own Christmas at home.

We made several trips to various places in the area to include Washington, D.C. and the Gettysburg Battlefield. In fact we made more than one visit to Gettysburg as Billy insisted on celebrating his birthday at the site. In Washington, we visited the Lincoln Memorial, Arlington Cemetery and other sites in that general area. We engaged in various other outdoor activities also during our sojourn in Carlisle. On one occasion on a visit to Waggoner's Gap, we took the children for a walk in the woods to initiate them into the challenges and problems such ventures could present. On another occasion, we

went to
Carlisle.

The Yellow Britches Creek where I did a little trout fishing. A few legal size fish were caught and later consumed. Was this our first exposure to gnats? There were also the usual ventures to the Farmer's Market to purchase some good farm produce.

In 1956, during summer leave, we made a trip to Kingston and from there make a visit to the New England States. Travelling through Port Jarvis, Newburgh, Albany and Glen Falls, New York, we reached Fort Ticonderoga and Lake Champlain. We took a tour of the fort and then ferried across the lake to Vermont, visiting Burlington and St. Johnsbury. We crossed northern New Hampshire into Maine, travelling through Bethel, Lewiston and Brunswick and finally Bath where we registered at the hotel. We spent a couple of days in the area visiting with Joe Harrell, an old comrade from the 762d Military Police Battalion at Schofield Barracks. We had renewed our friendship while stationed in Columbus, Ohio.

During a visit to Harrell's cabin in Georgetown, mother was dusting a shelf when she cut her hand on a razor blade. It was serious enough, we had to wrap her hand in a towel and visit the local hospital. The cut, near the base of her right thumb, had to be stitched and bandaged. While visiting with Harrell, he sold us a portion of his land that we retained for many years before we finally sold it. After our visit with Joe Harrell ended, we motored through Portland, Maine and Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Our route took us through Worcester, Massachusetts, Hartford and Bridgeport, Connecticut, New York City and New Jersey back to Carlisle. That was the only extended vacation we had while we were at Carlisle.

At a time I cannot recall, we had a surprise visit of family members. Ma Supulski, Raymond and his girl friend and Aunt Martie arrived unannounced. It required some hasty preparation of meals and sleeping arrangements. Ma Supulski slept in Gwen's room, Gwen slept on the floor. The others were billeted in Washington Hall, the Carlisle Barracks guesthouse. Florence did an amazing job in the kitchen. We also had a visit from Joe Harrell as a return visit to our trip to Maine.

Two medical changes occurred during our stay in Carlisle. I had a problem reading so I visited the Post Eye Doctor. He prescribed glasses. I intended to wear them home as a surprise but one of the nurses, during a telephone conversation with Florence, mentioned that I now had glasses. There went the surprise! The other incident involved Billy. As he had had an undescended testicle since birth, Army doctors decided it was time to correct the condition through an operation. The operation was successfully performed at the Carlisle Barracks Hospital. It required several days' hospitalization during which Billy became the favorite and focal point for the hospitalized soldiers.

During a foray into the used furniture market we became the owners of a "blue" secretary. On inspection, it revealed that some owner had painted the blue over a fine furniture piece. I took the secretary apart and scraped all the paint off revealing some beautiful

cherry wood. All the pieces were refinished and reassembled into a fine piece of furniture. We referred to it as Billy's secretary but we retained possession of it until this day. We also
Carlisle

acquired an old dining table. I took half of it, added the other two legs then shortened them and beveled the unfinished side of the table to conform to the table's decor. A special paint job made it into the conversation piece we have in our living room.

We were fortunate to observe two "celestial" events while at Carlisle—our only sighting of aurora borealis one winter night and the passing by of the Russian satellite Sputnik.

Dickinson College was affiliated with the Methodist Church and had a beautiful church building on the grounds. It was here that Gwen and Billy entered their original memberships in the Methodist Church. Florence transferred her membership here from the Olive Methodist Church in Wahiawa, Hawaii. Mother attended weekly bible under a Mrs. Sweet, wife of retired General Sweet. She gleaned much knowledge of the bible during these sessions. She accompanied Mrs. Sweet to Paradise, Pennsylvania, where she met an elderly retired Chinese missionary named Christiana Tsai. Mother obtained a book written by Ms Tsai titled "Queen of the Dark Chamber." We still have that book in our library.

WENGER

When Ethel M.B.Wenger moved into the other downstairs apartment on Louther Street, we developed a rapport that led to a long lasting friendship. She was a retired school teacher and an alumnus/trustee of Elizabethtown College. She was an authority on the special educational needs of students with deficiencies. On the conclusion of her business day, she would knock on the connecting door signifying she was home. This was followed by a visit to her apartment, sans children, for coffee and lively conversation. Alternatively, she would come to our apartment for our favors.

Her parents lived on a farm at Rexmont, Pennsylvania, which had been handed down through family generations as part of the original Penn Land Grant. We visited this farm a couple of times, meeting her Pennsylvania Dutch parents on the first visit. That was when Billy climbed the fence at the cow pasture and a young calf grabbed his pants leg and started to pull. This required a scurried salvation ending up in some hilarious moments.

At Ethel's invitation, we made a trip to Philadelphia and spent the evening with her sister Naomi Miley, husband Milton Miley and daughter Jane. It was an interesting visit.

After she moved away, and our assignment at Carlisle Barracks was terminated, we kept in contact with her through correspondence. When we could, we stopped by her farm (her parents had passed away) or at her retirement home in Friends Retirement Community in Palmyra, Pennsylvania. She stopped by with friends to visit us in

Fayetteville not long after we retired. Ethel passed away in June 1996. With Bill, we visited her gravesite in August 1996. A note from her sister Naomi at Christmas time 1999 mentioned that the farm had been sold.

ARMY WAR COLLEGE

The United States Army War College moved to Carlisle Barracks from a temporary location at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, July 1951. The student body was composed of 200 senior officers, mainly US Army personnel in the grade of Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel of the various branches of the Army. There were representatives of the US Navy, US Marine Corps, US Air Force, US State Department and certain other civilian Government Agencies. The students were provided office space in Bliss Hall. The 10-month course of instruction began in August and terminated with graduation in June.

I reported for duty at the US Army War College in early September 1955. I was assigned duties as Officer in Charge (OIC) of Bliss Hall, the student building. It was a new position and I was the first incumbent. My position was under the Secretary of the College with a Captain as my immediate superior. My assigned duties are shown in the Job Description included at the end of this chapter. The number of subordinates under my supervision is included in the job description. In the beginning, some doubt arose in the mind of my immediate superior about my ability to perform the job. It didn't take long to overcome that doubt as, in time, I was progressively retained in the position, from year to year, for five years.

Bliss Hall was constructed as a square "O". had a courtyard in the center, over what had been a blacksmith shop originally. It had two floors and was a restricted area with a Military Policeman on duty at the main entrance. There was a student mailroom, steno pool, bookstore, coffee room, several committee rooms and my office with a safe vault on the first floor. The second floor had an after lecture conference room and the bulk of the committee rooms of varying sizes to accommodate the students. The second floor also had a small room equipped with small desks and tachistoscopes available to the students to develop their "speed reading" abilities. The machines are considered as an apparatus for the brief exposure of visual stimuli that is used in the study of learning, attention, and perception. The central control clock for the building was located in this room also.

The students were grouped as committees of approximately twelve students each with a designated chairman to monitor the group activities. Due to the limited sizes of some of the rooms, some committees were split between two rooms. Each committee room had a clock, a bookcase with a standard number of selected reference books and normal office staples. Each student had a standard desk and chair. A safe was furnished each committee for the security of classified materials. A list of all the safe combinations was secured in my office.

Several times during the academic year, the committees were reorganized and students reassigned to new committees. On a designated day, while the student body attended a morning lecture, the committee rooms were reorganized to assure the required number of desks and chairs were available in each room. Prior information was furnished me so I could plan the moves. This required moving desks from one committee room to

US Army War College

an other, often between floors. There was no elevator in the building so desks had to be manhandled between the floors. All the safe combinations had to be changed. All this had to be done within an hour and a half before the students returned from their daily lecture in the auditorium in Root Hall. We furnished the new committee chairmen with the new combination to their safe as well as the distribution of appropriate printed material for the new course.

The clock system had a master clock that had to be reset twice a year with the changes in daylight saving times. I took this task upon myself. In the evening of the appointed day, I reset the master clock. Normally, changing the master clock should have changed all the clocks simultaneously. However, glitches in the system prevented this from happening so I had to check each clock to be sure the time had changed. If not, it meant each clock not changed had to be reset manually.

To support the student body we operated a mail and distribution unit with two enlisted persons. Their job was to distribute mail and materials to each student who had an assigned mailbox. Access to the mailboxes was in a corridor. Students could pick up their mail at an outside window when it was convenient for them. There was also a pick up window inside. The operating personnel supported the reproductive needs of the students by operating a Xerox copying machine when requested. Back in those days, copying machines were in the rudimentary stages.

A steno pool comprised of 10-12 civilian typists and a supervisor provided the main typing needs of the student body. Major reproduction work was done at a post printing plant. In conjunction with the steno pool, two civilian operators in a separate adjoining room transcribed taped information of after lecture conferences. The subject matter was as selected by faculty members. The taped reels were stored in the safe vault.

The student body assembled with the faculty each weekday morning in the auditorium in Root Hall. The lecturer, civilian or military, was an authority on a particular subject. Lectures usually lasted an hour to an hour and a half. At the end of the lecture, the students returned to their committee rooms. Selected members of the committees were invited to attend an after lecture conference conducted by the Commandant/Deputy Commandant and the lecturer of the day. I met these dignitaries at a side door and escorted them to the conference room. The conference, a Question and Answer affair was taped on machines installed in a closed off portion of the room. Mailroom personnel operated these machines. The tapes were labeled and stored in the safe vault for possible future use. Coffee was provided during this conference.

The Coffee Room was located at the rear first floor of the building. A Sergeant and three enlisted subordinates serviced it. They prepared coffee on a daily basis for the Commandant's Office and the after lecture conference room. After the morning lecture, the students congregated in the Coffee Room for social activities. The coffee was provided at a nominal cost. The room was decorated with paintings of military
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subjects on the walls. The posts were adorned with an accrual of what were called Commander's Plaques. (See excerpts at the end of this chapter). For the Christmas Holidays, the room was decorated in the holiday theme and Christmas music was played on a tape recorder. Just before the holiday break in the academic schedule, a Christmas party was held in the Coffee Room. Eggnog (4 to 1 ratio) was dispensed without charge.

The Book Store was located in the front of the building with a direct outside entrance. It was operated by a Master Sergeant and two enlisted subordinates. Various items of memorabilia were on sale.

Janitorial service was provided by four civilian employees who were responsible for the daily (less weekend) upkeep of the building. They cleaned the rooms and hallways and disposed of all trash. At the end of the academic year in June, all rooms were stripped and given general cleaning to include window washing. The reference books were collected and stored until the rooms were reconstituted for the new academic year that began in mid-August.

Outdated classified material needed to be destroyed periodically. It was taken to a remote location of the post where an old building with a furnace was used for this purpose. Once or twice I had the responsibility for this task, normally done on a Saturday morning. It took almost all morning to insure all the documents were completely consumed in the fire.

We were exposed to the finer points of protocol (military etiquette) during our assignment at The War College. On arrival, we made a call on the Commandant and his wife at their quarters on a schedule arranged by the aide-de-camp. As required on our departure, we left calling cards for each adult member of the family. Usually a dish was kept on a table in the foyer for this purpose. Courtesy calls of this nature are of short duration. All assigned officer personnel made official calls on the Commandant at a designated time on New Year's Day. We again called upon the Commandant when we were scheduled for departure from the Army War College. Arrangements were made through the aide-de-camp. At the appointed time, we called upon General and Mrs. Ennis to pay our respects. Etiquette required us to leave calling cards, appropriately marked with PPC (Pour Prendre Conge)(pur prendre conzha) meaning, "to take leave" or "by your leave", for each adult member of the household.

Florence taught protestant Sunday school and I ushered at Protestant services at the Post Chapel. Father and son usher schedules were conducted also. Billy and I performed this service once or twice. Florence joined other wives in special social activities on post and with civilian counterparts. The Maslands invited military participation at special Sunrise Services at their retreat on South Mountain.

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A fresh water stream in the outskirts of the barracks area was a limited source of watercress which we reaped on occasion. The spot was "discovered" by a former student, Colonel Wing Jung, one of the first cadets of Chinese ancestry to attend the academy at West Point. He and his wife, Naomi, alerted us to the location.

As the academic year drew to a close, a special seminar was conducted in which military and civilian dignitaries were invited to participate in the seminar with the students and faculty members. Special reception desks were maintained at nearby motels to render assistance to guests if needed. A supply of spirits was available. These desks were operated, on schedule, by staff members. I had my turn at this special assignment.

After five years as Officer In Charge of Bliss Hall, I felt the pressures of the job were affecting my performance and my reputation. This, and the growing needs of my family, dictated that it was time for me to move on even though continued assignment, as OIC was possible. I made contact with the Warrant Officer Career Branch in the Pentagon and asked for assignment to Germany or Hawaii. I was informed that Germany was out and they would check out the possibility of an assignment in Hawaii. Having been assigned to the Army War College carried some weight. About a week later, I received word that I would receive orders for assignment to the 25th Infantry Division in Hawaii with temporary duty en route at the Adjutant General School, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Indiana, effective immediately after the end of the current academic year. I was authorized 30 days leave enroute to my new assignment after completion of the schooling. Before leaving, the Secretariat had a farewell party for departing personnel. I was so honored and also received my first award of the Army Commendation Medal.

My itinerary to Indianapolis and return:

16 Jun 60	dep	Carlisle (bus)
17 Jun	arr	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis
		Course study
1 Jul	dep	Indianapolis
2 Jul	arr	Carlisle (break time)
3 Jul	dep	Carlisle/Harrisburg (train)
4 Jul	arr	Indianapolis
		Course study
22 Jul	dep	Indianapolis; arr Carlisle Barracks (car)
		one of the students generously drove me home
26 Jul-2 Aug		Leave time, Kingston, Pa.

While I was at the school, the family remained in quarters at 714 west Louther Street, Carlisle. Arrangements were made to ship our household goods. After pick up, the family stayed in temporary space at the barracks pending my return from Indianapolis. When I returned, we took leave time at Kingston before finally departing from Carlisle Barracks.

WAHIAWA

We left Carlisle, Pennsylvania for Columbus, Ohio, on August 4, 1960. We were embarking on a leisurely three-week trip across the country on our way to Hawaii. The itinerary of this trip, with short notes of interest, follows:

- 5 Aug (Fr) Columbus to Indianapolis to Springfield, Illinois (Lincoln Monument and Lincoln Museum)
- 6 Aug (Sa) Springfield to Cedar Rapids and Parkersburg, Iowa.(Quonset Hut Motel)
- 7 Aug (Su) Parkersburg(Methodist Church) to Fairmont, Minnesota, to Sioux Falls, South Dakota.
- 8 Aug (Mo) Sioux Falls to Murdo and Rapid City, South Dakota (Mt. Rushmore).
- 9 Aug (Tu) Rapid City to Lusk and Cheyenne, Wyoming.
- 10 Aug (We) Cheyenne to Greeley, Wild Horse and Eads, Colorado.(Short visit with Laura, Dan was out) to Pueblo, Colorado.
- 11 Aug(Th) Pueblo to Fort Carson, Denver, Granby, Colorado.
- 12 Aug(Fr) Granby to Craig, Colorado, to Vernal, Utah (Dinosaur National Park) to Duchesne, Utah.
- 13 Aug(Sa) Duchesne to Salt Lake City, Utah.(Great Salt Lake, Mormon Tabernacle)
- 14 Aug(Su) Salt Lake City to Montpelier, Idaho to Jackson, Wyoming.(Jackson Hole)
- 15 Aug(Mo) Jackson, Wyoming to Yellowstone Park to Livingston, Montana.
- 16 Aug(Tu) Livingston to Butte, Montana, Wallace, Idaho, Spokane, Washington.
- 17 Aug(We) Spokane to Connell and Richland, Washington. (Visited with Mass Family until 21 Aug 60).
- 21 Aug(Su) Richland, Washington to Madras, Oregon.
- 22 Aug(Mo) Madras to Bend to Crater Lake (snow) to Klamath Falls, Oregon to Williams, California.
- 23 Aug(Tu) Williams to Oakdale (Yosemite National Park) to Fresno, California.
- 24 Aug(We) Fresno to Los Angeles, California. (Visited Jake and Sara and Jack and Stella.)
- 26 Aug(Fr) Los Angeles to Pasadena, California.
- 27 Aug(Sa) Pasadena to San Luis Obispo and Salinas, California.
- 28 Aug(Su) Salinas to San Francisco (Fort Mason), California,
- 29 Aug(Mo) San Francisco to Oakland Army Terminal (shipped car).
- 30 Aug(Tu) Fort Mason to Travis Air Force Base, California. (Flight to Hickam Air Force Base, Hawaii.

On arrival, we were met by family members who transported us to Wahiawa, where we stayed at Aunt Grace's house with Grandma Lee, until we had a house of our own to live in. We had made prior arrangements through Aunt Grace on obtaining a house for us. We needed this to assure we had concurrent travel, i.e., travel as a family.

In due time, a house on Nakula Street became available and we prepared to move in on a temporary basis pending assignment to government quarters. Our household goods

Wahiawa

were delivered and unpacked. We convinced the packers to leave one of the large crates for use as a shed for the storage of our excess belongings. I made a desk from packing crate material for Gwen to use in the front of the house for study purposes. An advantage of the house was its location a short distance from Leilehua High School that could be seen from our location. Gwen was enrolled in the high school. Even at that closeness to our house she could not come home for lunch. Students were prohibited from leaving the campus while the school was in session. Billy attended the Wahiawa Elementary School located in the area. Despite the shortcomings of the house, we settled in and managed a suitable lifestyle

The house was the former home of a Japanese family who lived nearby. Being old, the house had termites and was built to suit Japanese lifestyle. For instance, the bath was Japanese style located near the rear entrance. To compensate for the termite problem all we had to do was move the furniture an inch each month to prevention of infestation into the furniture. There was a small room, obviously for storage, that was near the rear entrance that we converted into a bedroom for Grandma Lee who we brought with us on the move from Aunt Grace's house. We had to have Gwen or Billy stay at home with Grandma when we went shopping because of her limited mobility caused by a stroke in 1953. How can we forget "Billy, Tambe!" The small bedroom was suitable for her use as it was near the toilet. As she had to pass by the open rear stairs, I had installed a bar across the opening so she would not fall as she got up to use the toilet at night.

It was about a year later that we were assigned to government quarters at 3633B Porter Loop on Schofield Barracks. It was a four-unit building. We had a living room, dining area and kitchen downstairs with the three bedrooms and bathroom located on the second floor. Storage facilities were provided in a small backyard area where clothes- lines were available also. Since space was limited, we could not bring Grandma with us so she resided with Uncle Paul. Mother made almost daily visits to assist in her needs. She was later placed in a nursing home to receive the care she needed on a twenty-four hour basis. Shortly after we moved into our quarters, Mother was subjected to what was diagnosed as flea bites. We had to vacate the quarters for a couple of days to have it fumigated. The housing was near the Commissary and Post Exchange and my duty station with the 8th Artillery Battalion in Quadrangle "J". However, it was necessary for the children to be bussed to their respective schools. We had pleasant living arrangements for the remainder of our tour of duty in Hawaii. The Kampfs, a Signal Corps Captain and his wife, lived on one side of us in the "A" unit. We still exchange holiday greetings with them since they left the service. On the other side, Unit "C", Captain Teeter and his family occupied the apartment. Gwen did some babysitting for them. A newly appointed Warrant Officer and his wife occupied the last apartment in the building. We assisted them in getting acquainted in their new status. It was at this time that Gwen became involved in the dating game.

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8th ARTILLERY

(Not in chronological order)

My orders received at Carlisle Barracks reassigning me to Hawaii specified assignment to the 25th Infantry Division, Schofield Barracks. Ultimately, I was assigned to Headquarters, 1st Howitzer Battalion, 8th Artillery (Automatic Eighth).

This unit received this appellation during the Korean War when their volume of fire was so intense and rapid that Prisoners of War later asked to see those automatic artillery weapons. I took over the duties of Personnel Officer in early September 1960. Duties and lifestyles soon settled into routines. However, readiness training of the division required field duty at times including annual division maneuvers. On such occasions, we were out in the field on the island (Oahu) for at least a week. Traditionally, for many years the 8th Artillery was “married” to the 27th Infantry Regiment (Wolfhounds) to support them artillery-wise. There were training missions at Pohakuloa on the Island of Hawaii (Big Island) and a task force mission to Thailand which are detailed in later sections.

During our times in garrison, we participated in unit social activities such as holiday and promotion parties apart from our normal living requirements. I received my promotion to Chief Warrant Officer Three (CW3) on the 3d day of May 1962. We celebrated the occasion at the Officer’s Club at a combined party with other officers being promoted. Lee Family socials, as we had participated in during past years, were virtually nonexistent.

Unfortunately we experienced moments of sadness as Uncle Peter passed away 19 October 1962, and again in April (?) 1963, when brother-In-law Matthew Kang passed on.

Pohakuloa

(Long Hill of the Rocks and Stones)

One of the training areas for the 25th Infantry Division of the United States Army stationed in Hawaii is located on the Island of Hawaii at Pohakuloa, approximately 6000 feet above sea level. Warm clothing is suitable for the area and all personnel were encouraged to bring heavy underclothing if they had it.

Located at the base of Mauna Kea on the saddle between Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, the two highest mountains in the Hawaiian Islands, the area is very dry with desert-like conditions of powdered lava. Vehicle movements generate clouds of dust. Vegetation consisted mainly of algaroba trees, a type of mesquite. Access to the area is by paved roads from the docking facilities at Kawaihae on the northwestern shore of the island. The road passes the Parker Ranch, one of the largest cattle ranches in the United States. Units traveling to Pohakuloa for training depart from the West Loch of Pearl Harbor via LST (?). It is an overnight boat trip to Kawaihae, passing the islands of Molokai, Lanai and Kohoolawe on the way.

The 1st Battalion, 8th Artillery, en toto, made the training trip to Pohakuloa in February 1962 with the requirement that the Unit Personnel Section would be included. Normally, the Unit Personnel Section remained in station at Schofield
8th Artillery

Barracks as the rear detachment. This was the only opportunity I had to “visit” one of the other islands. We departed from Pearl Harbor West Loch by LST late in the afternoon of February 6, 1962. It was a smooth, leisurely overnight trip. The pleasant weather and calm seas added to the joy of the voyage. We docked early the next morning at Kawaihae. We unloaded our vehicles and convoyed up to the Pohakuloa campsite. We raised out tents and established operations, mainly artillery practice. The remarkable thing about that visit, to me, was the extreme changes in temperature. As the afternoon waned, we added woolen underclothing, then woolen outer clothing as day ended. Fires were ignited in the stoves for warmth. As evening and night progressed, we edged closer to the stove to keep warm. Our sleeping bags were indeed a comfort for the night. In the morning, the reverse order of undress was necessary. The first to be removed was the field jacket. As the sun climbed higher so did the temperature, resulting in the removal of the woolen outer garments. Next, the woolen undershirts were removed so we were down to the bare skin of our upper torso by noontime. By mid-afternoon, the dropping temperatures required redressing in the order previously stated. This was repeated daily. Quite an experience.

A break from training was spent at Kawaihae Beach Park. In general, the entire operation was successful and we returned to Schofield Barracks to conclude the exercise. We were absent about two weeks.

In February 1963, the 8th Artillery went again to Pohakuloa for its annual training. This time, the Personnel Section remained at Schofield Barracks and I was the designated Rear Detachment commander. All operations were normal until one day when I received word that a unit soldier, while on a unit outing at Kawaihae Beach area, slipped off a rock formation and drowned. Recovery of the body was unsuccessful due to the shark-infested waters. It was my responsibility to notify the next of kin (NOK). The Division Artillery Chaplain was notified and arrangements were made for both of us to contact the next of kin. Complications immediately arose as it was learned that the soldier had been married for only a week and his bride was residing with his mother. The address of the next of kin was not available until information received from a relative revealed that the next of kin was actually residing with her mother who had a heart condition. This situation required caution because of possible shock to the mother. It was getting late in the day and fears came up that the news of this incident would be aired by the media before the next of kin could be officially notified. The address was obtained and the Chaplain and I accomplished the mission of notifying the next of kin without incident. After a short visit, we departed with the promise that we would return the following day to render any assistance that may be necessary. Further efforts to recover the body were unsuccessful. The Buddhist religion required some body/apparel fragments for burial. This was accomplished by family members who arranged for appropriate funeral services. The Chaplain and I attended the services as official representatives of the government. This was the first time I had attended a Buddhist service. The temple, in Honolulu, was dimly lit with candles and the scent and smoke of incense

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permeated the air. Different individuals came forward and spoke in Japanese, evidently eulogizing the deceased. There was some music and the sound of a gong, bells and possibly

a cymbal. My memory is unclear at this time on how long the service lasted. Arrangements were then initiated to conduct a memorial service at the Division Artillery Chapel at Schofield Barracks to be attended by the relatives and friends of the deceased as well as the unit soldiers. This operation was successfully concluded after the unit returned to Schofield Barracks from Pohakuloa.

My assignment to the 8th Artillery Battalion was terminated on 17 May 1963 when I was assigned to Headquarters, 25th Infantry Division for duty as Assistant Chief, Personnel Management Section. I believe this move was made to consolidate personnel operations. My assignment didn't last long as I received assignment instructions on 14 June 1963 reassigning me to the 62d Signal Battalion at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, with scheduled departure date of 4 August by air with concurrent travel of dependents. All arrangements were made for the shipment of our household goods and car to the mainland. We curtailed our vacation plans for travel enroute due to the necessity in having the children enrolled for the fall term school year at Fayetteville, North Carolina by a designated date.

I received the second award (first Oak Leaf Cluster) to the Army Commendation Medal for my service with the 8th Artillery. Due to my early departure, the presentation was not made until after my arrival at the 62d Signal Battalion, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

(8thArt.doc)

THAILAND

In the spring of 1962, the political situation in Laos deteriorated between the warring factions that forced our government to take action to protect our interests in that area. It was decided to send a joint military task force to Southeast Asia for the purpose of stabilizing the situation in Laos. The task force, which included the 27th Infantry (Wolfhound) Regiment, First Battalion 8th Artillery and other supporting elements, was alerted and preparations were made for movement to a staging area in Thailand. In those days, this Army configuration was called a battle group. CJTF 116, as it was designated, was ordered on temporary change of station to Thailand in May 1962. Movement would be by airlift and sealift. I have no idea on how all the elements of the task force were deployed so I'll just concentrate on that portion where I was involved.

Our departure was delayed because of a pending A-bomb test scheduled for Eniwetok Atoll in the Marshall Islands. Eniwetok was near our flight path and concern for our safety was paramount. The test was finally completed the evening of (?) June 1962.

The flash was reportedly seen in Hawaii over 2000 miles away. This allowed us to make final preparations for our departure. I have been unable to locate any substantiating documentation of this test in reference material.

The test completed, we were scheduled for departure from Hickam AFB on 3 June 1962 via Air Force C124 Globemaster which was a double deck, four motor propeller driven cargo plane. After reaching home from Sunday services, I received a hurry up call to report to my unit. After a tearful farewell, we assembled with our gear in the unit area and were bussed to Hickam Field where we loaded our aircraft with vehicles and baggage as well as some personnel. Among our passengers was a TV news crew from a Honolulu station making the trip for local publicity purposes. As it turned out, mechanical problems prevented us from taking off. Personnel were off-loaded and we returned to Schofield Barracks for a surprising short-lived reunion as we departed again the next morning for Hickam Field. This time, we managed to get airborne and departed for Thailand. Itineraries of our trip to Thailand and return are entered as footnotes at the end of this document.

During this flight, I developed a friendly relationship with the TV journalist with the consequence that I appeared in some segments of the documentary later shown on the Honolulu television station. Our flight path took us to Midway Island where we made a stopover for refueling. A couple of hours later, we took off again heading for Wake Island where we arrived without incident in early evening. This leg of our flight took us through a time change and across the International Date Line. We spent the night at Wake Island. The next morning we departed from Wake Island and headed for Guam. With a two hour time change, we arrived in Guam in time for lunch. We experienced mechanical difficulties however, so we had an unscheduled stopover of twenty hours to conduct necessary repairs. I learned that this type of aircraft experienced difficulties in the Southwest Pacific area because of high humidity and moisture that readily fouled the spark plugs. Additionally, our pilot was

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very concerned about the condition and would not fly until he was completely satisfied that everything was okay.

When we left Guam the following day, our course took us towards the Philippine Islands. I believe it was on this leg of our trip that I had a delightful, memorable experience as we flew through an area of fair weather cumulus clouds. This episode gave me the insight as to why pilots were enthralled with flying in those days. The clouds at the altitude in which we were flying presented an entirely different view than I had experienced before. At ground level, these clouds would appear to be flat. At several thousand feet our plane was limited in altitude flying because of oxygen needs. The clouds were stretched upward like balls of cotton being pulled apart. The sky above was bright blue. The blue ocean below was dotted with the shadows of the clouds. We sort of wended our way between the clouds as we made our way towards the Philippines. It appeared to be something like this though I cannot accurately put down here the picture etched in my mind.

Another two-hour time change occurred, putting our arrival at Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines at about two in the afternoon. We flew over countless small islands on our final approach at a lower altitude. How interesting it was to see the palm trees, water buffalo and the people going about their farming tasks.

We were scheduled to leave the Philippines later that night. We loaded up and proceeded to take off when the pilot aborted the flight halfway down the runway and we returned to the loading ramp. After some delay, we waited in the ramp area, our flight was cancelled because of the need for engine repairs. Our pilot was extremely cautious and would not take off until he was completely satisfied with the plane's performance. This gave us some free time to spend while repairs were being made. We were rescheduled to depart the next day. We loaded up again very late at night and prepared for take off. For the second day in a row the flight was aborted partway down the runway and we returned to the loading ramp. Our flight was cancelled again while necessary engine repairs were made. For the third time we were prepared to leave Clark AFB, this time about 3:00 AM on the 10th of June. We finally became airborne and arrived at Korat Air Base in Thailand about 9:00 AM after a one hour time change. Our battalion commander was glad to see us. He was concerned and questioned us as to where we had been and why it took us so long to get there. Of course I had to fill him in on the details.

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For some unknown reason, the 27th Infantry was reluctant, or couldn't provide any accommodations for the accompanying news people. The 8th Artillery did help out and took care of them, consequently the 8th Artillery received the lion's share of TV and pictorial coverage. A week later, the documentary of our operations was shown on Honolulu television. A repeat showing was made for our benefit on our return to Schofield Barracks in September.

Shortly after we became operational in Thailand, at a time when we were within twenty-four hours of making an incursion into Laos, the warring factions decided to go to the bargaining table and arbitrate their differences. This changed our objectives to a wait and see and a surveillance role. Reconnaissance patrols and survey parties to out-lying border areas were maintained.

We settled into a routine by establishing a work schedule and operating area. Our sleeping arrangements consisted of bamboo huts in addition to our tentage. We had a little community established at Khao Than Siat, about twenty miles west of Korat (Nakhon Ratchasima), which was soon embellished by the addition of a civilian business district that miraculously sprang up across the road from our encampment. We had been alerted to the phenomenon that Thailand was referred to as the land of instant people prior to our departure from Hawaii. You could be out in the middle of nowhere without a soul in sight. Stop your vehicle for repairs and you were almost instantly surrounded by a group of interested bystanders. It is a wonder from whence they came and where they disappeared to when you continued on your way. The civilians provided us with laundry service support in addition to other things, mostly souvenirs, sodas and the lure of sexual favors. In the interest of discipline, there were some off limit impositions, but that didn't stop an occasional incident of "overnight" visitations. Inevitably, there was an increase in venereal disease cases, one of a stronger strain resistant to normal treatment. Penicillin did wonders but didn't halt the encounters. We had some repeat offenders. On occasion, an elephant driver brought his animal to our area. For a nominal fee, rides were provided which was simply a clamber up to the squatted animal's back. The elephant then rose upright and you could have your picture taken. Afterwards, the elephant again squatted and you scrambled down.

Our campsite required daily "cleansing" to rid the area of tarantulas and scorpions. Nesting holes in the ground, oval for tarantulas, round for scorpions, were saturated with gasoline and set afire. As a precaution, we were required to hang our boots upside down above ground to deny the creatures a warm spot for the night. Snakes were a problem also as some varieties could climb trees. The coral snake, being most venomous, was particularly sought out and killed. I cannot recall any incidence of our personnel receiving any spider, scorpion or snake bites.

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Not long after our arrival, a military review was scheduled for the King and Queen of Thailand. King Bhumiphol and Queen Sirikit welcomed all of the assembled troops and

thanked them for their dedication and support. I think this was in connection with our Fourth of July celebration. At another time, there was friendly cooperative interchange between the Thai officers and the American officers. I recall one social affair to which we had been invited. There were the usual niceties, some cocktails and a meal that included roast water buffalo. The meat was somewhat like our beef but was much tougher and harder to chew and swallow.

We had opportunities to make short visits to Korat for sightseeing and shopping. We were given an occasional weekend pass, on a roster basis, to Bangkok also. Bangkok visits were real interesting. Accommodations were reasonable. I made one trip into the city and was amazed at the traffic and bustle of the large city. The hotel where we stayed (I went in the company of a couple of other officers) had the hardest mattress I ever slept on. Our meals were inexpensive-a chateaubriant at another hotel only cost us about \$2.50 apiece. Our hired taxi was inexpensive and took us to the most notable temples (wats) for our sightseeing trip. It was during this trip that I took the motion pictures that I was unable to capture on film the awesome beauty of the most famous and revered wat, the wat of the golden buddha, due to restrictions on the use of movie cameras. There was fear that the "spirits" would be captured on the film.

Shopping was an experience in itself-a chance to bargain. While doing so, some merchants plied customers with cold cokes, even a dish of fried rice, if desired. If you haggled, rather than reduce the price they would offer additional merchandise. In this manner, I was able to receive a couple of large candles when I purchased a pair of large candlesticks. Johnny's Gems was a popular shopping establishment in Bangkok for jewelry and souvenir items. Jewelers made trips from Bangkok to our campsite to offer their wares. Jewelry items were extremely inexpensive and were offered at real bargain prices. Thai people were extremely honest, thievery was harshly dealt with. We had one occasion when one of our men left his camera in a taxi in Bangkok. This taxi driver drove all the way from Bangkok to our campsite, a hundred or so miles, to return the camera to its rightful owner.

Our routine life style, training and readiness continued through the summer. At the end of August, our battle group was relieved from the mission by another one from the 25th Division. They assumed our equipment in place and remained in the country for about three months. We departed from Korat for Hawaii aboard military jet aircraft (C141) which were in the early stages of this form of transportation. We had a stopover in the Philippines and arrived back in Hawaii in time for Labor Day, bringing to an end our temporary sojourn in Thailand. Efforts later to recognize this venture by an award or service medal were unsuccessful.

Thailand

Footnotes

4 Jun 62 0500 Depart Schofield Barracks
0545 Arrive Hickam Field
0720 Depart Hickam Field
1230 Arrive Midway Island (time change) 6hr10m Flight lunch .85

	1410	Depart Midway			
5 Jun 62	1840	Arrive Wake Island (time change) 5hr30m	Supper		.90
		Overnight stop building 515, room 39-40			
6 Jun 62	0910	Depart Wake Island	Breakfast		.60
	1335	Arrive Guam (2 hr time change) 6hr25m	Lunch		.90
		Stopover engine repairs-20 hour flight	Odds	1.19	
		Rescheduling	In flight		.85
7 Jun 62	0820	Depart Guam	Breakfast		.65
	1400	Arr Clark AFB, PI (2hr time change) 7hr20m			
8 Jun 62		Scheduled departure cancelled-layover engine repairs	Supper		.60
9 Jun 62		Scheduled departure cancelled-layover engine repairs	Lunch		.60
			Odds		.42
			Supper	1.20	
			Breakfast		.75
			Lunch		.65
			Supper	2.50	
10 Jun 62	0345	Depart Clark AFB			
	0900	Arr Korat AFB Thailand(time change)6hr15m			

Return to Hawaii

Dep Khao Than Siat	1545	31 Aug 62	Arr Korat, Thailand	1720	31 Aug (truck)
Dep Korat	1550	1 Sep 62	Arr Clark AFB PI	1930	1 Sep (C141)
			Flight time	2 hr 40 m	
Dep Clark AFB PI	2150	1 Sep 62	Arr Hickam AFB	1400	1 Sep
			Flight time	10 hr 10 m (time change)	

(Thai.doc)

FORT BRAGG I

62D Signal Battalion

On reassignment from Schofield Barracks to the 62d Signal Battalion, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, we had the following travel itinerary in 1963:

- 1 Aug Schofield Barracks to Honolulu (stayed at Waikiki)
- 4 Aug Hickam AFB to Travis AFB, California (plane)
- 5 Aug Travis AFB to San Francisco (picked up car) to San Jose, California
- 6 Aug San Jose to Salinas, King City, San Luis Obispo.
- 7 Aug San Luis Obispo to Ventura, Oxnard, Pasadena, California
- 8 Aug Pasadena to Los Angeles (visit Jacob and Jack & Stella)
- 9 Aug Los Angeles to Barstow, Calif to Las Vegas and Boulder City, Nevada.
- 10 Aug Boulder City to Kingman and Flagstaff, Arizona to Grants, New Mexico
- 11 Aug Grants to Albuquerque and Tucumcari, New Mexico to Shamrock, Texas
- 12 Aug Shamrock, Texas to Shawnee, Okla to Ft Smith and Conway, Arkansas
- 13 Aug Conway to Memphis, Nashville and Crossville, Tennessee
- 14 Aug Crossville to Newport, Tennessee to Asheville, Siler City, Fort Bragg, NC
- 15 Aug Checked into 62d Signal Battalion. Applied for Quarters. Registered for School, etc.
- 18 Aug Fayetteville to Falls Church, Virginia to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania
- 19 Aug Carlisle to Kingston, Pennsylvania
- 20 Aug Leave time
- 25 Aug Kingston to Downingtown, Pa to Wilmington, Del (Kampfs) to Arlington, Va
- 26 Aug Arlington to Washington, DC to Fayetteville – Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

On our initial arrival at Fort Bragg, I checked in to get on the housing list and to make arrangements to enter the children into the local schools. We then took off to continue our leave time on a visit to the family in Kingston, Pennsylvania. On our return, we settled into quarters in the Corregidor Courts area of Fort Bragg. The children had to be bussed to the local schools. It was a disappointing time for Gwen, as she had to leave Hawaii at the end of her junior year in high school, severing all her friendships. Entering the senior class of Fayetteville High School (now Terry Sanford High School), she had no real friendships and was not in with the local cliques. She managed to survive. Bill did too at the Alexander Graham Junior High School, which has been razed since. Living in Corregidor Courts proved to be an exasperating experience with the petty annoyances from the neighbors and the lack of cooperation in keeping the area clean. We being an older family had a difficult time adjusting to the “younger” neighborhood. An attempt to be reassigned quarters in another area was unsuccessful

On reporting for duty with the 62d Signal Battalion, I found that the unit was still in the process of getting organized. It did not have its full complement of personnel and it was up to an assigned, inexperienced Second Lieutenant to be in command as a Chaplain (Captain) and myself (CWO) were not authorized to be in command

Fort Bragg I

position. It took a lot of nurturing until a qualified major was finally assigned to the command position. We eventually received our personnel but I don't think we ever received our full complement. We had three units, the 589th Signal Company, the 206th Signal Company and the 287th Signal Detachment as subordinate units. We were assigned to the 5th Logistical Command under the 18th Airborne Corps. Work evolved into routines without any extraordinary events. Much of the activity consisted of maneuver support and activation, organization and shipment of small Radar Detachments for service in the Republic of Vietnam (RVN).

Not long after our arrival and settling in, we received news that Grandma Lee passed away on 29 September 1963 and our dear friend Jack Thomas, who we had recently visited in Pasadena, California, also passed away sometime in the same time frame. Because of our unsettled conditions on completion of the trip from Hawaii, we were not able to attend either burial rite. We understand that Jack Thomas was buried in a family plot in Urbana, Ohio. We were saddened by the events as we lost all contact with Stella Thomas, as we received no word from her since that time.

Friday, November 22, 1963, turned out to be quite a memorable date. I was off duty after serving as Duty Officer at 5th Log Command Headquarters the night before. I decided to get a haircut after lunch at the Mallonee Village barbershop when the news broke about the assassination of President Kennedy. As soon as I was finished I dashed home to tell Florence of the news. That started a long weekend of eyes glued to the television to follow the momentous proceedings. It seemed like the whole country came to a stand still that weekend. In some respects, the somberness and great loss paralleled the country's mood experienced over President Roosevelt's death.

We commenced our attendance at the Main Post Chapel. Chaplain Richard Bell was the Chaplain at the time and Billy served as acolyte during his services. Gwen took up teaching in the Sunday school. In 1964, Gwen graduated from high school with a modest scholarship award and was accepted for enrollment in the Woman's College in Greensboro. This college has since been integrated into the University of North Carolina as the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. She did very well and we had an occasion to host a visit from three of her classmates. They had a ball. I enrolled and successfully completed an evening class on Industrial Management put on at the Post Education Center by North Carolina State University.

My Personnel Section was assigned space in one of the old World War II Barracks type buildings. In the winter, it was cold and sooty and I had to wrap a blanket over my legs to keep warm in addition to wearing a field jacket. The soot posed a problem in trying to keep files and correspondence as neat as possible. I had a Sergeant from North Carolina who performed duties exceptionally well in the financial aspects of our personnel work. That was a big help. One of the assigned clerks had health problems – convulsions. He had several seizures during which he had to be
Fort Bragg I

restrained and sent to the hospital for treatment. He was returned to duty within a short time. These episodes were disruptive. He was reassigned eventually. There was nothing much eventful occurring. As it turned out, our stay at Fort Bragg was destined to be short-lived as I received alert instructions in January 1965 for reassignment to Germany with a reporting date in early May. I suggested to Gwen that she take a sabbatical from the university to accompany us to Germany because of the travel and other opportunities. After a year she could return to the university to resume her studies. As my early May reporting date would cause problems on her early departure from school, and for other reasons, I requested and was granted a 40 day extension of my reporting date to early June. We started our preparations for the move, i.e., shipment of household goods, hold baggage and automobile. Meanwhile, the political situation in the Dominican Republic deteriorated to the point that our government decided to intervene to restore stability to the situation. Units of the 18th Airborne Corps were deployed for this purpose. The deployment included about fifty percent of each of our assigned companies. I have no knowledge of the end result of this situation as I departed prior to its conclusion.

We had the following itinerary when we left Fort Bragg. The remainder of it will be Included in the opening comments in the Germany phase of these writings.

8 Jun 65 Tues Fort Bragg, NC to Arlington, Virginia.
9 Jun 65 Wed Arlington to Washington, Fort Meyer, Virginia. Visit to the John F Kennedy Gravesite, Arlington National Cemetery.
To Baltimore, Maryland and Manheim, Pennsylvania
10 Jun 65 Thur Quentin, Pennsylvania to Tamaqua and Kingston, Pennsylvania
11-15 Jun 65 Leave time

GERMANY

385th Military Police Battalion

On Wednesday, June 16, 1965, we terminated our leave in Kingston and proceeded under our orders to New York City. We went through Phillipsburg, New Jersey and then on to Staten Island where the children had their first view of the New York Harbor and skyline, to include the Statue of Liberty. We ended our trip at Fort Hamilton, New York. As we had some spare time, we took a quick trip to the New York World Fair and enjoyed some of its offerings to include viewing Michelangelo's Pieta. The following day, we processed at Fort Hamilton for overseas movement. Our passports were in our possession, having received them at Fort Bragg. We processed our car for shipment at Brooklyn Army Terminal and boarded the USNS General Buckner for passage to Germany. We sailed late in the afternoon of 17 June 1965, passing under the Verrazano Bridge into the lower bay. Other than a few uneasy feelings there, we experienced no seasickness aboard ship on the entire trip to Germany. We had a following wind that contributed to the smoothness of the journey.

On board ship, we received a bon voyage message from Ethel Wenger. Among the offerings on board were movies, bingo and other forms of entertainment. Billy won a cash award playing bingo while I had to settle for a deck of cards in settling a three-way tie. Billy had to be treated for strep throat before we completed the sea voyage.

Our passage took us through the English Channel, past the white cliffs of Dover on into the North Sea. As we neared the end of our journey, the family received a Royal Order of Atlantic Voyageurs certificate from the ship's complement. As it turned out, this was the last voyage the USNS Buckner made to Germany. It was diverted for service in the Southeastern Asia area (RVN) where I understand she was sunk though I have no verification of this.

We arrived in Bremerhaven, Germany on Friday, 25 June. After debarking and processing, we boarded a train for Stuttgart. We were cautioned not to drink the water on the train, as it may not be fit to drink. We arrived at the Stuttgart Bahnhof where a representative of the 385th MP Battalion met us and escorted us to Robinson Barracks where we were put up in the "Hilltop Hotel", operated by the Post Exchange system. Hans Hartman, an ex-Desert Fox of the German Army was the manager. We established and maintained a friendly relationship with him. Prior to leaving Fort Bragg, we were furnished with a civilian address in Germany that we needed to obtain concurrent travel. Rather than reside at that address, we decided to stay at the Hilltop Hotel until quarters became available for us. In time, we got word that our car had arrived in Bremerhaven. Florence and I took a train up to the port, picked up our car and motored down the autobahn to Robinson Barracks, our first experience with autobahn driving which is not unlike our present day interstate highway system. After several weeks, we were assigned quarters at 1-A-4 Normandy Drive, Pattonville area.

Germany

My initial assignment was to the 385th Military Police Battalion located in Wilken Barracks in Kornwestheim. My duties as Personnel Officer and Assistant Adjutant soon evolved into

routine work. Our personal lives also became normal routine. We had opportunities on weekends to “explore” the local communities and immediate areas surrounding our housing area. Gwen applied for work as a cashier at the Post Exchange but when they found out she was a candidate for a math degree in college, they placed her in charge of their accounting department. After a year, Gwen returned to the United States to resume her studies at the Woman’s College in Greensboro, North Carolina. The following summer she returned to Germany and resumed her employment with the Post Exchange until she left Germany for good.

Billy was enrolled in the Ludwigsburg High School and attended the junior and senior classes. He was on the school soccer and football teams and was associated with the school paper. During a student exchange program with the German schools, he met a Peter Schmidt. They generated a friendship that led to Peter visiting our quarters for lunch. This led to a relationship with Peter’s family and exchange visitations. We had the honor of entertaining Doctor and Frau Schmidt at our quarters. Doctor Schmidt once served as a doctor in the German Army. We were highly honored on a visit to the Schmidt household at Christmas time 1966. During that visit they had a special lighting of their Christmas tree in our honor. We maintained contact with the Schmidt family through Frau Schmidt over the years since then. After our departure from Germany, we received straw ornaments for our tree that Frau Schmidt had artfully made.

There were few incidents of note during my tenure as Personnel Officer in the 385th MP Battalion. One involved my use of the word “niggardly” during a conference. African-American Officers took exception to my use of the word and complained to the Commander who asked me to apologize to the officers for my use of the word. I did so reluctantly as I felt no slur or derogation was intended. My first experience with “black power” and racial discrimination (?).

During one of my stints as Duty Officer in the early morning hours, I noted an MP gate guard having amorous moments with a female visitor. I casually mentioned this to the Company Commander concerned who immediately initiated court-martial charges against the MP who was a problem in the unit. During the trial, the defense insisted that I did not see what I thought I saw because I was wearing glasses. This provided sufficient doubt and the soldier was acquitted. I was not pleased with this outcome on the fact that wearing glasses would cause doubt on what I saw.

The 385th MP Battalion had satellite detachments at Schwabish Gemund, Schwabish Hall and Heilbronn. I made official visits to these units in my line of work. Trips were made to Hanau and Frankfurt also.

Germany

Our 1955 Pontiac which we had nicknamed “Black Panther” served us well on our cross-country trips as well as our local needs. However, we started to experience some problems with it and had the transmission overhauled about nine months before our move to Germany. For a while it did well in Germany but we again experienced transmission problems. Having it repaired at the Post Exchange facility required stripping down the transmission, ordering the parts from the United States, and then putting it back together again. This would require weeks of nonavailability of personal transportation so we scrapped the Pontiac and bought a Buick Opel Kadett

Station wagon on the local economy for about \$1500 dollars. It had no frills, standard transmission and served us well for the remainder of our tour of duty in Germany. We shipped it back to the United States, after having it “Americanized”, when we returned from our tour. About a week or so after purchasing the Opel, it received some damage while it was parked near my office at Wilken Barracks. A deliveryman from Dinkelacher Brewery upset a load of cases of beer being delivered to the NCO Club. The cases of beer caused some damage to the right rear of the station wagon. The brewery took care of the damages and presented me with a glass boot as a good will gesture.

I received my promotion to Chief Warrant Officer Four (CW4) on 16 December 1966 while assigned to this unit. Others and I shared hosting a promotion party at the officer’s club.

We had many opportunities to visit various locations while in Europe. Our vacations were spent in Berchtesgaden and Garmish-Partenkirchen. At Berchtesgaden we stayed at the PX operated General Walker Hotel not far from Hitler’s Eagles Nest retreat. Of course this was a must see on our agenda. We made a side trip to Salzburg, Austria where we had an escorted trip in the salt mines, visited Mozart’s birthplace, the castle with its catacombs, other sites within the city including celebrated cathedrals and the horse fountain. Also included were visits to Konigsee and St Bartholomae Chapel, an escorted boat ride that was highlighted by a pause where an accompanying trumpeter sounded a few notes and we listened as these notes echoed back off the surrounding hills. Our trip to and from Berchtesgaden allowed us passing visits in Munich and the Chiemsee Recreation area. We visited Dachau’s infamous Nazi Concentration Camp site also.

Another vacation trip took us to Garmish-Partenkirchen, commonly referred to simply as Garmish. There we stayed at the General Patton Hotel under control of the Post Exchange. On the way we passed through Oberammargau and visited the Weiss Kirche (White Church). The interior of this church was decorated in white and gold, Rococo style. Quite impressive. One of the highlights of our stay at Garmish was a trip to the top of the Zugspitze, Germany’s highest mountain. To reach the top we rode a cable car, our first experience with this form of transportation. At the summit, we had an extensive view of The Alps in all directions, although not specifically pin-Germany

pointed, to include what were the French and Italian Alps. An oddity was the location of a border crossing point where you could cross into the Austrian side of the mountain. The Austrian side had a building housing a gift shop. Another route up the mountain on another side was by means of a cog railroad part way up with a cable car lift the remainder of the way.

Prior to our trip up the mountain, we lunched at a nice lakeside restaurant that offered a special view of the area to include the mountain. We took a side trip to Innsbruck, Austria during our stay at Garmish. Innsbruck was the site of the 1964 Winter Olympics. We saw other sites in the city also. What was impressive about this trip was the steep grades going up and coming down the mountain between Garmish and Innsbruck. Innsbruck was located in a nice level valley and proved to be an interesting visit.

Closer to home, we visited Ludwigsburg and its castle and its summer palace known as Monrepos. There were visits to Schloss Solitude and other points of interest in Stuttgart including the mound of World War II city rubble known as "the ruins". There was a visit to Stuttgart's TV tower, the Fernsehturm, which offered a magnificent view of the surrounding area, and to Killesburg Park with its lovely gardens and Wilhelma Zoo. Special trips were made to Worms to visit its cathedral made famous by Martin Luther's religious trial. We went to Fussen and the Bavarian Alps on visits to King Ludwig's famous castle Neu Schwanstein that included a view of Schwangau Castle. Sunday afternoons offered the opportunity for leisurely strolls along the Neckar River and visits to Marbach, Schiller's birthplace and museum. Schiller was Germany's famous poet. We even went so far afield as to visit Baden-Baden on the outskirts of the Black Forest, near the French border. All in all, we were highly impressed with all that we saw, and the visits we made, during our tour in Germany.

569th Personnel Service Company

In February 1967, I was reassigned from the 385th MP Battalion to the 569th Personnel Service Company in Ludwigsburg effective 1 March 1967. This move was made to comply with reorganization directed by the Department of the Army that removed the personnel sections from the units and consolidated their operations in newly designated Personnel Service Companies. This was the forerunner of the computerization of personnel activities. I served as Acting Commander (during absence of commissioned officers), Executive Officer and Personnel Operations Officer. The 569th Personnel Service Company supported the 3d Support Brigade, one of the largest brigades in the Army and the 107th Transportation Brigade with the responsibility on the maintenance of 10,000 personnel records. I had the responsibility for the reorganizing the 569th PSC to support the personnel needs of these two brigades. Information on this facet of operations is shown in an attachment to this document. In connection with the reorganization, we made official visits to organizations in Hanau, Schweinfurt, Kitzinger, Furth and Zirndorf to acquaint the commanders of the new Personnel Support Company and assure them there would be no loss of support by this new concept.

Germany

Summer soon arrived and Gwen returned to Germany after spending the academic year in Greensboro, North Carolina. She worked again for the Post Exchange and had the opportunity to visit areas not visited before. She and Billy had an opportunity to visit Berlin that summer of 1966. Billy graduated from Ludwigsburg American High School on June 8, 1967. The commencement exercise was held at the Gustav Siegle Haus in Stuttgart. He went to work in the shoe department of the Post Exchange after graduating. He had applied for enrollment in several American colleges but time passed without a desired acceptance. His High School

Counselor stepped in and obtained an acceptance on short notice at Colorado State University, his alma mater at Fort Collins, Colorado. Gwen and Billy left together in early September, concluding their experience of living or visiting a foreign country. Both had the opportunity to visit Paris and Berlin, Gwen also visited London. This was Billy's first departure from home to be on his own. We had to adjust to living without the presence of the children until the end of our tour of duty in Germany.

Meanwhile, my work assignments continued on a routine level. I received credit while as Acting Commander, though I didn't actively participate, in the reenlistment of two of our enlisted personnel that allowed the 3d Support Brigade to surpass the 107th Transportation Brigade in a special competition in this area, much to the pleasure of the 3d Brigade Commander. The Brigade Commanders wives were pleased to call on Florence for her expertise in setting up several social functions. She received accolades for her efforts.

There is a time for everything and that included our tour of duty in Germany. It was time to change the good for the bad as the remainder of our tour was shortened as I received orders reassigning me to Vietnam, to arrive not later than 8 June 1968. Our scheduled departure from Germany was set as 4 April 1968. It was time to pack and ship our household goods, car, etc. Time to clear quarters and be ready to move on. We alerted the children and had Gwen scout around for an apartment in Greensboro, as she and Florence would be residing there while I was in Vietnam. We bid our farewells as I received my third award of The Army Commendation Medal.

Itinerary

- 31 Mar 1968 Left Ludwigsburg for Stuttgart where we spent a couple of days at the Hilltop Hotel.
- 3 Apr Stuttgart to Rhein-Main AFB, Frankfurt, Germany.
- 4 Apr Rhein-Main AFB to McGuire AFB, New Jersey via MATS. A stopover was made in Goose Bay, Labrador.
- 5 Apr McGuire AFB to Philadelphia to Kingston, Pa by bus. We had some trepidation while in Philadelphia because of the unrest caused by the news that Martin Luther King had been assassinated during the time of our flight to McGuire AFB.

Germany

- 8-9 Apr After a couple of days leave in Kingston, we bussed to Washington, DC and Greensboro, NC, where we got set up in an apartment.

Itinerary continued

- 21 Apr Greensboro to Newark, NJ via train to pick up our car at the port of debarkation in Elizabeth, NJ.
- 22 Apr Newark, NJ to Quentin, PA
- 23 Apr Quentin, PA to Carlisle for car servicing, inspection, etc.
- 24 Apr Carlisle to Greensboro, NC

End Germany

FOOTNOTES

Bill's recollection of stories on Hans Hartman:

Hans Hartman had 4 tanks blown up while he was in them. His last tank was a King Tiger in Italy and he destroyed it before surrendering. He was wounded at least four times—once saved his life or should I say kept him from sharing the fate of the Afrika Korps because he was in a hospital in Germany? in Italy? When his unit was destroyed. I believe he was in the 21st Pz Div – I have forgotten the subunit. His first prisoner was an American Lieutenant—only German I met who claimed he captured an American.

The 385th Military Police Battalion had a beneficial bond with the Philadelphia Association that operated a “Kinderheim” in the community of Murrhardt. The battalion provides a large share of support of the Kinderheim through voluntary contributions. In addition, two special events occur during the year. In the summer months, the children are escorted on a trip to the Wilhelma Zoo in Stuttgart. An annual Christmas party is held at the Kinderheim where individual gifts, as well as other treats, are provided for the children. The children presented a pageant that was followed by a social hour and the arrival of Santa to distribute the presents. I accompanied fifty or sixty members of the battalion that attended the affair in 1965.

VIETNAM

In April 1968, 688 Chestnut Street, Greensboro, North Carolina became our temporary abode while I served my tour in Vietnam. It was a five unit furnished apartment complex. We utilized our hold baggage to give us a “homey” appearance in our apartment that was one of two on the first floor. It served well for Florence and Gwen and Billy when he came east for the summer. Good relations were established with the other occupants who included Doctor Knebel, a retired University of Maryland Professor, as well as the neighbors, The Dolls, The Evans and others. Harry Doll was a retired engineer from Westinghouse and former World War I soldier. We maintained friendly relations with these people for many years until time took its toll.

Gwen graduated from the Woman’s College with a bachelor’s degree in math and enrolled with a fellowship in a program for her Master’s degree. It was while she was here that she met Lester Turbeville who lived up the street from them.

It soon came time for me to leave via commercial air:

- 30 May Greensboro to Chicago to Denver thence by car to Fort Collins, Colorado for a visit with Billy.
- 31 May Fort Collins to Denver to San Francisco, California.
- 1 Jun San Francisco to Cupertino, California to visit the Mass’s.
- 2 Jun Cupertino to Travis AFB, California thanks to Merle’s driving.
- 3 Jun Travis AFB to Honolulu, arriving at night.
- 4 Jun Honolulu to Kadena AFB, Okinawa, Japan to Bien Hoa, Vietnam.

My original orders reassigning me to Vietnam was to the 97th Artillery Group. On arrival, I was assigned to Headquarters, 6th Battalion, 56th Artillery, a Hawk unit. as Personnel Officer in Long Bin. After acclimation and introduction work evolved into a routine on a day to day basis. There were no exceptional events occurring. At night we could see the gun ships and hear the humming of their rapid fire guns in the Bien Hoa area. I did accompany the Battalion Commander on a visitation flight to Saigon aboard a huey helicopter, my first ever chopper flight. I have no idea why we made the flight or the results of the visit. I assume we visited higher headquarters, the 97th Arty Group. I did enjoy it though. I might point out that at the time overland travel was too dangerous to American troops, consequently most movements were done by air. We made a “get acquainted” visit to a sister unit at Cam Ranh Bay. This time the flight was made in a Chinook Helicopter We had a couple of days at Cam Ranh Bay where I had the opportunity to take a dip in the bay for some fun time in the sun. It turned out to be no fun as the waters were loaded with jellyfish. The relentless sun caused the tender skin to burn. It took a couple of days to overcome that fiasco back in Long Bin.

The easy going life style at Long Bin ended in the fall of 1968 when the 6/56th Arty was attached to the 23d (Americal) Division at Chu Lai. The move was completed by air in Chinooks, the workhorse of the air arm. We were settled in an area of an Vietnam

(inactive/abandoned?) airfield. This move turned out to be the low point of my career. The working conditions for our section were inferior and crowded making it difficult to conduct operations. Added to this was my removal from the BOQ to make room for some civilians whose connections with the unit I could not fathom. I was moved to a Quonset hut BOQ in a remote area of the cantonment. I hardly had any contact with the other warrant officers and I seemed to have these quarters to myself. Showers were in another remote area of the post. I cannot recall the messing facilities or offerings. It was a nightmare.

Fortunately, in due time, our records were moved, and I was attached to Headquarters, Americal Division for assignment as Chief of Enlisted Records Branch.

With the move I insisted on and received quarters, according to my rank, in the field grade officers area. Living and working conditions were greatly improved. Also, there was an officer's club nearby where I could relax after duty hours. Duties were humdrum and routine. I had opportunities for "breaks". Soon a commissioned officer was appointed in charge of the section and I became the Assistant Records Chief.

At Chu Lai, we were a lot closer to North Vietnam but were in what was considered a safe area. I had no contact or knowledge of any active warfare activities in our area though we did have a couple of rocket attacks. These rocket attacks originated from the mountains some distance away, were uncontrolled, and did little or no damage. The attacks occurred at night. Copies of maps of the area are posted in the back cover of this folder.

Florence and I kept a steady stream of correspondence with intent to cheer each other up. I was happy to receive a Christmas Card from Mr. and Mrs. Doll our neighbors in Greensboro. His card attests to his viewpoints as a staunch American is enclosed.

The monsoons came and went, winter turned into spring, hardly noticeable in Southeast Asia, and thoughts became focused on the conclusion of my one-year tour and where my new assignment would be. I had requested an assignment to Fort Carson, Colorado with the thought in mind that we would retire in that area. My orders were received and I made plans on meeting Florence in Hawaii on the way to my new assignment. As it turned out, I received word that Florence had health problems that made it necessary to alter the plans. It was sometime during this time frame that Lester required heart surgery and had it done in a hospital in Charlotte. Gwen's concerns caused her to visit him in the hospital. I was able to have my orders changed to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, though it was too late to change my plans for a stopover in Hawaii. However, the stopover was shortened from 5 to 3 days because of the need to get back to Greensboro. I left Hawaii, after some wrangling about my schedule, with a stopover in Los Angeles on the way to Denver. I had arranged for a brief stopover in Denver so I could visit with Billy. He had a friend drive him down from Fort Collins along with a couple of other buddies. I took the gang to a Chinese Vietnam

restaurant to thank them for bringing Billy down. The driver sure displayed a hearty appetite, devouring everything in sight. Afterwards we went to an amusement park

where I had my first roller coaster ride in over thirty years. I got knocked about but survived. Too soon, it was time to resume my flight to Greensboro later that night. While in Denver, I could sense the hostility of the populace against our participation in the Vietnam War.

My itinerary from Vietnam

- 18 May Chu Lai to Saigon by air. I unloaded all my field gear at
Company A, 6/56th Arty.
- 19 May Saigon to Clark AFB, Philippine Islands thence on to Guam
and Honolulu via C141. Leave time.
- 22 May Honolulu to Los Angeles commercial air.
- 23 May Los Angeles to Denver. Visit with Billy
- 24 May Denver to Chicago to Greensboro and leave time
- 30 Jun Greensboro to Fort Bragg, North Carolina via POV.

This brought my Vietnam tour to an end. I was awarded the Bronze Star Medal and the Vietnam Service Medal with 4 bronze stars. Service Personnel were awarded one bronze star for each three months service in Country.

FORT BRAGG II

2d Psychological Operations Group

When I got back from Vietnam, I found out Florence was having health problems. A visit to a doctor in Greensboro resulted in a prescription for doriden and elavil. This medication caused a severe reaction during the night that made it necessary to take her to the Emergency Room of the local hospital where she was treated with Demerol, after a long wait for the doctor's response, and released as she showed signs of recovery. This was the start of a long series of doctor visits to find a solution to her problems that continued after our move to Fort Bragg

My departure orders from Vietnam indicated that I was being reassigned to the 2d Psychological Operations Group with a reporting date not later than 1 July 1969. About a week later I was relieved from HHC, 2d Psyop Group and assigned to HHC, 1st Psyop Bn and attached to HHC, 2d Psyop group for duty as group personnel officer and assistant adjutant.

After our assignment and establishment in quarters at 40 Volturno Street, Fort Bragg, we resumed the weekly visits to the doctors, this time at Womack Medical Center. All medicines prescribed were useless and often caused more problems than relief. When they said they didn't know what to do for her, I turned to the civilian sector for a solution. There was no help there and hospitalization at Cape Fear Hospital didn't prove anything. Finally, arrangements were made for her entry into Duke University Hospital for tests. After three or four days, it was determined that Florence had Raynaud's Phenomenon, a little known disease at the time, and was released. A new internist at Womack became interested in her case and began treating her. A new medication was being tried. The internist contacted a hematologist at UNC Hospitals for guidance. As a precaution, Florence was admitted into Womack Army Hospital for the procedure that went off without any problems. Afterwards we began periodic routine visits to see Doctor Bryan, the hematologist, at UNC Hospitals during which we developed good rapport. These visits continued over the years, even into our retirement, while Doctor Bryan monitored her health. It took a while for the medical community to understand the effects and treatment of Raynaud's Phenomenon. Also, that Florence's tolerance of any medication was limited.

On the work front, routine activities held sway though we had problems with large and rapid turnover of inexperienced clerks. I was fortunate to have a Personnel Sergeant who was experienced and helped tremendously in our efforts to maintain a qualified personnel section. This proved fortuitous as our personnel section received an Excellent rating during an official Third Army Personnel inspection in November 1970. It was noted that less than 3% of all units inspected in the continental United States received an excellent rating. This was a feather in our group commander's hat and he was justly pleased.

Fort Bragg II

Another happy event occurred about a month later. Gwen and Lester decided to get married at the main post chapel on 27 December 1970. Things really got buzzing with preparations,

invitations, reservations, etc. The reception was to be held at the Officer's Club. Among the attendees were Florence's sister Margaret from California, Ma Supulski, Raymond, Dan Pieretti and his wife all from Pennsylvania. Also included were the Group Commander and other military personnel. We had to rely on accommodations at the Normandy House near the Officer's Club to put up what the house couldn't hold. Everything turned out well and Gwen and Lester departed on their honeymoon in New Orleans. They established residence in Reidsville, North Carolina.

All this time we still had Florence's health problems to contend with.

The downside of these happy events was my notification by Department of the Army a year ahead of time of my retirement due June 30, 1971. The option was retire or revert to inactive status in the reserves. I opted for the retirement and began making plans. As the date approached, there was the clearing of quarters, transfer of duties to my replacement, finding a place to live on the local economy and associated affairs. We had decided before hand to buy a dining room set to replace any like government items. The other activities leading to my retirement were fraught with problems. Our search for a house on the economy was centered on what funds we expected to have available to pay for it. The house we live in served this purpose and was supported by the Veteran's Administration guarantees. We had a place to move our household goods while clearing quarters. Every time we had moved and cleared quarters, we cleaned the premises ourselves without any difficulties. This time we decided to hire professional help with unsatisfactory results. We had to redo the cleaning ourselves and finally passed the inspection. Clearing my assigned duties proved to be more exasperating as time was running out in the month of June. I needed to take leave, clear quarters, move, etc. My replacement finally arrived about the middle of the month, freeing me to do what needed to be done.

My last duty was my retirement ceremony held in the unit area. I received tokens of appreciation from the unit, Department of the Army Certificate of Retirement, Department of the Army Certificate of Appreciation

A SOLDIER'S NOTEBOOK

BY
ANTHONY (CZESZONIS) CHASE

INTRODUCTION

This is a computerized copy of hand written notes from my Uncle Anthony Chase's notebook. He was a soldier in World War I and was gassed during that conflict. I remember his return from the war. Afterwards he was treated for his injuries at a sanitarium in White Haven, Pennsylvania for a couple of years before he passed away. I have no information on his military rank or service.

His notebook apparently was written when he was overseas. I do not know if these writings were the product of his own mind or were copied from other sources.

WILLIAM T. SUPULSKI

A SOLDIERS NOTEBOOK

BY
Anthony Chase

BASEBALL EXTRA

The game opened with molasses at the stick and smallpox catching.
Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke.
Horn played first base with fiddle on second and backed by corn and cabbage in the field.
They made it hot for the umpire, Apple, who was rotten.
Ax came to bat and chopped, Cigar let brick walk, shoe laced one to left for a pair, and sawdust filled the bags.
Laundry sent one into the bleachers and cleaned the bases.
Cigar went out and balloon started to pitch but went straight up; then Cherry tried it but was wild.
Ice kept cool in the game; cabbage had a good head and kept quiet; grass covered lots of ground in the field.
The crowd cheered when spider caught a fly.
Song made a hit and wheel beat out a slow roller to first and drum beat it to third while twenty scored.
Wood caught nails drive through the box and submarine made a dive for home.
Bread loafed on second and was put out by organ who played a fast game.
Candle was put out and string tied the score.
Rubber was out stretching a single and stove got hot when coal was put in to warm up.
Crown Prince sacrificed man and Kaiser went out, Pray to Gott.
Bayonet stabbed Hindenburg's drive through left center.
Then Wilson, after watchful waiting, smashed Submarine's fast one and sent several men across.
Scrappnel dropped aeroplane's fly and Hospital was safe at home.
Germany put War on to run for Years, but was caught napping by France and peace scored on Allies sacrifice to Freedom
Berlin kicked on world's decision at first, but stayed in the game and Sammie came home when "D" Battery grounded out.
In the fifth, Wind began to blow about what he could do, hammer began to knock, and trees began to leave.
The way they roasted Peanuts was a fright.
Ship hit a liner to left, and adding machine erred on crank's short punch.
Then whiskey got a pass and the bases were full.
Chicken fouled out to Roost and knife was cutting first.
Ten pins up, but was put out by the strike route.
In the seventh, with three balls on Jew, he hit out to lunch.
Potato had a good eye and waited while thief stole second
Match came up striking for light but was out and gate closed the inning with three swings. In the ninth, Apple told fiddle to take first base, then song made a second hit.

Baseball Extra Continued.

Trombone made a slide for third and meat was put out on the plate.
Lightening finished pitching and struck out Man.
There was lots of betting on the game, but soap cleaned up.
The score was 23 to 1 and door said if he had pitched, he would have shut them out.

Loves Memories

I'll dream of you, you dream of me
Then lonely we can never be.
Fond memories my whole life long,
Shall blend themselves in one sweet song.

It may be me, it may be you,
Will miss the joys that once we knew.
So gaze towards God's sky so blue,
And pray for me, I'll pray for you.

Sometimes you'll remember, tho' the skies are blue
Someone's sadly pining all the time for you.
Somewhere we shall meet, dear, when the years have flown
Someday you will tell me you are mine alone.

Keep a smiling face,
Keep a heart that is true,
And in your heart for me a place
When I come back to you.

When I Wave My Flag

He was a Signal Corps man,
She was his lady love,
But duty kept them far apart
Till one day he said "Dear Sweetheart"
I have here two little flags I've bought you
And when from the cliffs so high
I wave my signal flags to you,
You will know how to reply.

He said, "Let us begin", dearie.
Then with his flags he waved,
"My darling will you marry me?"
How can I answer "No," said she,
You know that "Red, White, and Blue" my flags are
And though, dear, I loved you less,
I ne'er could let those colours down,
So my answer must be "Yes".

For when I wave my flags above me,
My dearie, that means "Do you love me?"
And when you see me send this wig-wag sign,
That means, "Will you be mine?"
But when I wave them madly,
That's the code, dearie, for "Will you Marry?"
I need you now, I'm in distress,
Wave them so, if you want your boy to know
That your answer, my honey, is "Yes".

My Thin Blankets

I'm here with two thin blankets,
As thin as a slice of ham.
A German spy was likely the guy
Who made them for Uncle Sam.

How did I sleep? Don't kid me
My bedtick is filled with straw,
And lumps and humps and great big bumps
Those punch me till I'm raw.

Me and my two thin blankets,
As thin as a US dime,
As thin I guess, as a chorus girl's dress.
Well I'm having one hell of a time.

I'd pull them up from the bottom,
My nighties, my B.V.D's
A couple of yanks to cover my shanks
And then my toes they freeze

You could use it for a porous plaster,
Or maybe strain the soup,
For pillows my shoes, when I try to snooze,
And I've chilblains and cough and croup.

Me and my two thin blankets,
Bundled up under my chin
"Yes", a German spy was likely the guy,
And God but he made them thin.

I Love Corned Beef

I love corned beef, I never knew
How good the stuff could taste in stew.
I love it wet, I love it dry,
I love it baked and called meat pie.

I love it camouflaged in gash,
A hundred bucks I'd give in cash,
To have a barrel of such chow
As standing here before me now.
I say yum-yum, when soup it blows,
I sniff and raise aloft my nose.
Corned Willie, Ha! Ha, boy, that's fine
Can hardly keep my place in line.
I kick my heels and wildly yell,
Old Sherman said war is hell.
But gladly would I bear the beat,
If corned beef I could get to eat.
I love it hot, I love it cold,
Corned Willie never will grow old.
I love it now, pause, listen, friend
When to this war there comes an end
And peace upon this earth shall reign,
I'll hop a boat for home again.
Then to a restaurant Ill speed,
No dainty manners will I heed,
But to the waiter I will cry,
Bring me, well, make it corned beef pie.
And better bring some corned beef stew,
And corned beef cold- I'll have that too.
Now don't think I'm crazy, man
But could you bring a corned beef can?
And wait, I'm not through ordering yet,
With hashed brown spuds, now listen friend
I've got the cash you may depend.
Right here it is; let's see I'll try,
Oh, bring a piece of hot mince pie.
And all this stuff that's printed here
My appetite is huge, I fear.
Then when he's filed my festive board
With all these things, I'll thank the Lord,
For that's the proper thing to do.
And then I'll take the corned beef stew,
The corned beef pie and corned beef cold.
The corned beef can I'll then take hold,
And ram the whole works into it
And say, "Now damn you, there you'll sit.
You've haunted every dream I've had,
You don't know what shame it is. Egad.
Now sit there bo—see how you feel
To watch me eat a regular meal. (over)

The Hell-Bound train

Tom Grey lay down on the bar room floor,
Having drunk so much, he could drink no more.
So he fell asleep with a troubled brain,
And dreamt that he rode on that Hell-Bound Train.
The engine with blood was red and damp,
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone lamp,
For fuel an imp was shoveling bones
While the furnace rang with a thousand groans.
The boiler was filled with Lager beer,
And the devil himself was the engineer.
The passengers made such a motley crew,
Church members, Atheists, Gentile and Jew.
Rich men in broadcloth and beggars in rags,
Handsome young ladies and withered old hags.
Yellow and black men, red brown and white,
All chained together, what a terrible sight!
The train dashed on at a terrible pace
And the hot wind scorched the hands and face.
Wilder and wilder the country grew,
Faster and faster the engine flew.
Louder and louder the thunder crashed,
Brighter and brighter the lightening flashed.
Hotter and hotter the air became,
Till the clothes were burned from each quivering frame.
Now in the distance arose such a yell,
Ha! Ha! croaked the devil, "We're now nearing hell"
Then oh how the passengers shrieked in their pain
And begged the devil to stop the train.
He capered about and sang in his glee,
And laughed and joked at their agony.
My faithful friends, you have done my work
And the devil can never a pay day shirk.
You have bullied the weak and robbed the poor
And the starving brother turned from your door.
You laid up gold where the canker rusts
And given free vent to your fleshly lusts.
You have justice scorned and corruption sown,
And trampled the laws of nature down.
You have drank and rioted, murdered and lied,
And mocked at God in your hell-born pride.
You have paid full fare, so I'll carry you through
For it's only just that you should get your due.
Why the laborer always expects his hire
So I'll land you safe in the lake of fire.
When your flesh shall roast in the flames that roar,

The Hell-Bound Train (Cont'd)

And my imps torment you forevermore.
Then Tom awoke with an agonizing cry
His clothes soaked with sweat and his hair standing high
And he prayed as he never prayed before,
To be saved from drink and the devils power.
And his vows and prayers were not in vain,
For he never rode on a Hell-Bound Train.

Just Sort o' Miss You
Just sort o miss you – miss your smile,
Miss your hale and hearty style.
Miss your cheery "Howdy do!"
Miss your _____, well I just miss you.

(Asoldiers.doc)

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